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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Apropos of Labor Day

SUMMER heat still rests on city and country, summer by the calendar is yet in the saddle, but summer psychologically is past. Labor Day wrote its doom, putting a period to that relaxation of activity which the hot months always bring and quickening men's minds from the lethargy which has held them in spell to projects for the season which stretches before. Curious how arbitrarily humanity establishes milestones on its way. A century, a decade, a year,—what is there that sets any one of them apart from the century, the decade, or year that immediately follows. Mathematically, only an imperceptible advance in the revolution of the earth through space; psychologically an infinitude of hopes and resolutions and plans. Man impels himself to forward strides by setting markers on his way. So in the course of his daily routine he picks out a day, establishes its significance as he wills, and straightway surrounds it with a nexus of ideas and emotions that time invests with sanctity and converts into an energizing force.

So with Labor Day. It was just fifty years ago this fifth of September that the Knights of Labor in general assembly gathered reviewed the parade that was the genesis of what is now one of the most widely observed holidays in the United States. In the little less than half century since its celebration began, Labor Day has come to be a pivotal point in the nation's outlook toward the working year,—the great divide on one side of which lie vacations and slack business and the general quiescence of effort of the summer season, and on the other the accelerating activity and the intensive toil of the winter period. After Labor Day the working year is reborn.

In this still sorely tried year of the great depression more than ever does Labor Day wear significance in the minds of men. For what may it not precede? Will it mark only a division between working seasons or a happy release from that calamitous quagmire of industrial ills in which so many of all ranks have sunk and in which

(*Continued on page* 88)

Adagio

By CLARA SHANAFELT

YOUR love is a delicate thing—
Grape bloom, grape perfume
Filtered through leaves of autumn, diffused
Down dim wood ways, a tenuous strain
Of thrush or white-throat, like an old lute tune,
That I seize and lose and capture and lose again.

It is a gold of light in afternoon
That stains the marshes and colors fiercely bright
The granite texture of the winter air
And then, like a candle's gold snuffed out, is gone.

It is a pulse of music sweeping my feet
From their plain prose pace into realms of dance
And godlike energy and reckless grace.
It touches me like the iris-blue shadows of clouds
That glide over hills with the motion of vast bird wings;
It is wayward and fugitive and strange
Like the light and the wind and all
Beautiful, proud, wild, unbiddable things.

Sweet Land of Liberty

THIS COUNTRY OF YOURS. By MORRIS MARKEY. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MR. MARKEY, having spent some months touring the United States in a Ford, from Seattle to Key West and from Boston to San Diego, comes to the conclusion that the country is "a wilderness crying for a voice." This will be a hard saying to the numerous persons who for some years have been shouting as loudly as they could in the hope of awakening some echoes. America may no longer have Moses and the prophets, but several hundred would-be Moseses have responded to the cry for leadership and the would-be prophets are numbered by the thousands; their vaticinations sound every quarter-tone in the whole range of audibility, from Mencken to Coin Harvey, from Samuel Crowther down (or up, if you prefer; or sidewise) to the various newly converted St. Paul's of communism. It would seem that if there is anything America has overproduced it is voices. But apparently none of these voices will do. The American people want something but they won't tell you what it is; probably because they do not know themselves.

This generalization is hardly borne out by Mr. Markey's reports of the hundreds of people he talked to—ordinary people, most of them, whose opinions never get into print; though they include such diverse celebrities as a United States Senator drunk in a Chicago club and an ex-lover of Calamity Jane on a Montana ranch. All sorts of people, most of them poorly satisfied; including some people who were badly off and didn't know it, and more people who were well off and didn't know it. Most of them, perhaps, need a voice; but if they want it the desire is unconscious: they are certainly not crying for it. Their greatest common denominator seems to be a contempt for the voices they have heard so far, but even that is not universal; Wisconsin university students still believe in the literal inspiration of Mencken, and Californians still believe anything that will spare them thought.

A truer conclusion, on the author's own showing, would seem to be that the curse of the country is a "national aimlessness," resulting in "a subconscious demoralization which does not spring by any means wholly from the economic depression." Taken as a whole, the American people no longer have any religion or any morals (good or bad) except for some "instinctive and defensive" survivals; they accept the breakdown of the government with "a curiously bland amusement," but any movement for a fundamental change would be howled down. They ask for a leader, but "no single man could know enough about America to lead it," and even if there were a real leader he would be drowned out in the clamor. About the most encouraging sign (if it is that) which Mr. Markey seems to have found is an all but universal interest in the practice of the arts. Conceivably (but the point is arguable) an interest in the appreciation of art might be healthier; we have always been great doers, of one thing or another, but we have not been so good at the assessment of what we or other people have done.

Of course, any man who sets out on

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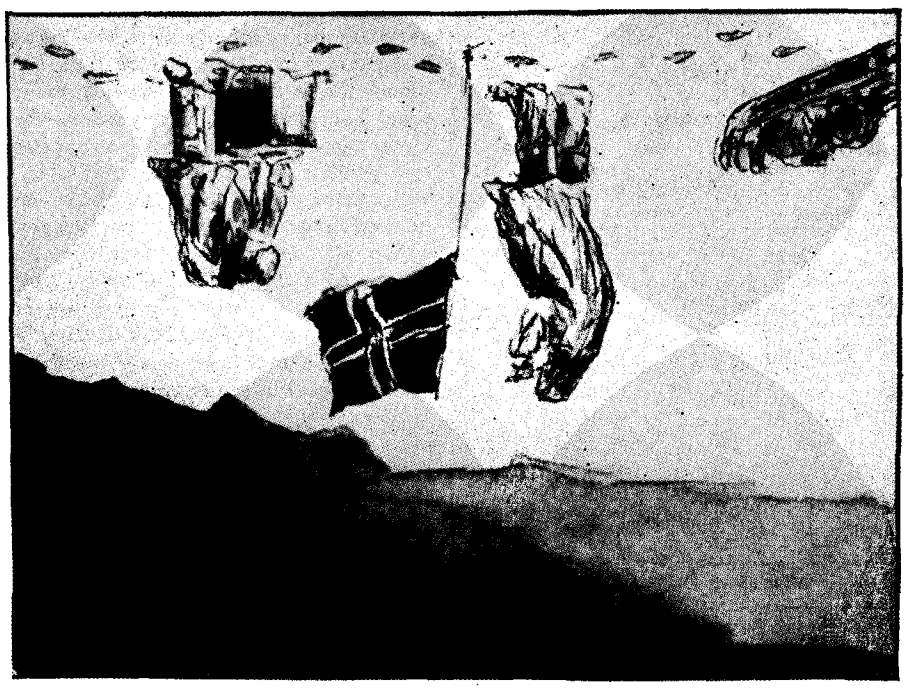

HENDRIK VAN LOON'S CONCEPTION OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOUTH POLE.

*Enjoyable Geography**

By ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

TEN years ago someone sent Hendrik Van Loon a wail about the kind of geography which he or she studied in school days. It was a good wail, all about troubles with boundaries, the location and population of cities, the height of mountains, and the length of rivers, all of which bear the same relation to geography which dates do to history. The wail ended in a plea that Mr. Van Loon write a humanized geography. It was a belated wail because it said what geopraphers and geography teachers had already been saying, and it pleaded for something which men like J. Russell Smith were already doing well. The wail was addressed to Mr. Van Loon not because he is a scientist, a traveller, or least of all a geographer, but because he is a good writer. The result is this highly readable and enjoyable book, full of interesting and enjoyable material, though greatly injured by inaccuracy and lack of knowledge.

The outline of Van Loon's "Geography" is purely conventional, but the titles of the chapters are illuminating and clever: "And these are the people who live in the world we live in; The Seasons and how they happen; Interlude: just a moment before we go any further while I tell you how to use this book—India, where nature and man are engaged in mass production." The first ninety pages are devoted to an exposition of geographical principles including latitude, longitude, maps, climate, the nature of continents, and so forth. Then comes the "interlude," and after that four hundred pages devoted to a mixture of geographic description and history. Europe receives half the space, Asia half of what is left, and the other four continents only one quarter. It is easy to criticize this allotment of space, but Europe *is* the most important continent, and we Americans ought to realize it. If Van Loon had left out the ninety pages of exposition and had insisted that his book be carefully corrected by a real geographer, it would be an excellent piece of work.

Leaving the introductory material for the moment, let us look at the first descriptive chapter, entitled "Greece, the rocky promontory of the eastern Mediterranean which acted as the connecting link between the old Asia and the new Europe." As a guide to my reading I wrote these words at the head of the chapter; "Will this *descriptive* chapter be better than the preceding expository chapters? What new ideas or facts? What are the good points?" At the end I wrote, "a good chapter of geographical history, sketchy, interesting, not very well rounded. No clear statement as to the effect of the sea, as to the division of the country into basins by mountains, or as to the Mediterranean type of climate. Gives a fair picture of the relief of the earth's surface, but not of coasts, climate, vegetation, products, people, mode of life, and so forth." I might have added that the chapter fails to present the new type of geography because the author apparently knows little about what is now called human geography in our colleges. Having studied a kind of geography in which mountains, rivers, plains, and cities were the chief items he limits himself largely to these and very interestingly brings out

*VAN LOON'S GEOGRAPHY. By HENDRIK VAN LOON. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1932. $3.75.

This Week

"KAGAWA."
Reviewed by CLARENCE G. DITTMER.
"THE TINDER BOX OF ASIA."
Reviewed by FELIX MORLEY.
"CHAUCER."
Reviewed by G. K. CHESTERTON.
"THE SAINT AND MARY KATE."
Reviewed by SIGNE TOKSVIG.
"PEKING PICNIC."
Reviewed by GRACE FRANK.
"INHERITANCE."
Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD.
"NYMPH ERRANT."
Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN.
"THE FAIR OF ST. JAMES."
Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON.
"THE FORTRESS."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.
HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

A MARXIST AMERICA.
By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

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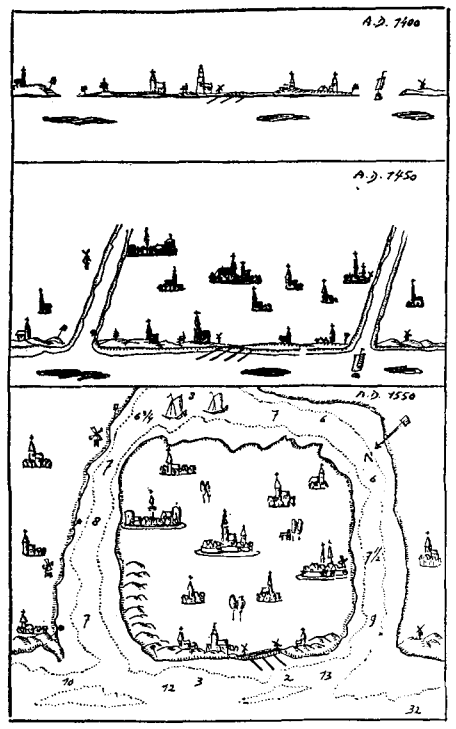
their relation to history. This is excellent so far as it goes.

Since the chapter on Greece is typical of the whole book, let us look at it more in detail. It starts well:

> I have never seen the Balkan peninsula from the air, but it seems to me that from a high distance it must look like a hand, reaching out from Europe to Asia and Africa. Greece is the thumb. Thrace the little finger. Constantinople the nail on the little finger. The other fingers are the mountain ranges that run from



HOW MAPS BECOME MAPS.

> Macedonia and Thessaly to Asia Minor. Only the tops of these mountain ranges are visible, but from a great height one would undoubtedly be able to follow them as closely as the fingers of a hand partly submerged by the water in a wash-bowl.

Van Loon has imagination, and he often uses it effectively. In reading the chapter I came across six facts that were new to me, one curious example of ignorance, [illegible]ree mis-statements. Although I [illegible] display my own ignorance I am [illegible]o mention the new facts because [illegible]ustrate the way in which the many valuable details which the author has searched out are largely historical rather than geographical. First, the name Morea was given to the Peloponesus because the map of the Greek peninsula looks like a mulberry leaf. Second, Volo in Thessaly has a negro quarter. Third, Corfu "is chiefly famous as the place of retreat for the defeated Serbian armies in 1916 and as the target for some very loose and useless shooting on the part of the Fascist navy." Fourth, all that remains at Thermopylæ is "a fifth-rate bathing establishment." Fifth, "When Greece regained her liberty in 1829, Athens had dwindled down to a mere village of 2,000 inhabitants." Sixth, modern Sparta "was built in 1839 on the spot where ancient Sparta was supposed to have stood. English enthusiasm provided the money, a German architect drew the plans. But no one wanted to go and live there. Today, after almost a century of effort, it has 4,000 inhabitants. The old curse of Pelops!"

Those words "the old curse of Pelops" illustrate what is called above "a curious type of ignorance." In a book which purports to be the new geography the thing that one wants above all else is an explanation in Van Loon's delightful style —of how a location away from trade routes; the handicaps due to the long, dry summers; the conditions of health and energy; and the selective processes of migration have conspired with other conditions to make modern Greece very different from old Greece, and to handicap Sparta in comparison with Athens. Instead of that we merely read at the end of the chapter that "from the modern point of view there are only a few geographical items really worth mentioning." These items are the Corinth Canal, Greek commerce in ships "famous for their slovenliness and dirt," and exports of figs, olives, and currants. Yet *geographically* modern Greece is every whit as interesting as its predecessor of two thousand years ago.

In order to justify my severe criticism as well as my high praise of this book I want to present a quotation as censurable as one on Norway to follow later is good. The author is giving "undisputable facts to prove that the planet on which we happen to live must be round." Here is what he says:

> No matter where we are, the scene all around us appears to be a circle. Our eyes must therefore be equally removed from every part of the land or sea under observation and the farther we get away from the surface of the earth in a balloon or on top of a tower, the larger that circle gets. If the earth happened to be eggshaped, we should find ourselves in the middle of a large oval. If it were a square or triangle, the horizon would be a square or a triangle.

Read this again and see if you understand it. Remember that it purports to give a scientific explanation to the general reader. Judging by the style of many parts of these first chapters the author had persons no more mature than high school pupils in mind. I cannot understand how the scene everywhere around us appears to be a "circle." I see a mountain peak, a skyscraper, a canyon, or a valley surrounded by steep hills, and nothing whatever in the scene suggests a "circle." I see a tree ten feet away and a barn on a hill two miles away, and I am perfectly sure that my eyes are not "equally removed" from both of them. At the two ends of an egg-shaped earth the observer would see a circular, not an oval horizon, provided he were at sea or on a perfectly level plain. As for a square or triagular earth, how thick would it be? If it had thickness, the part of it seen from any one point would have all sorts of shapes according to whether it was viewed from a corner, an angle, or a plain in the middle of one of the planes.

The illustrations, like the text, fall into two sharply contrasted parts, one admirable, the other execrable. It is a delight to see drawings like the one on page 332. The simple caption "The Mountain Passes of Asia" and a few well chosen strokes of the pen tell a vivid story of weary caravans winding upward, and ever upward through the snow to a black precipice where some poor fellow is almost sure to fall to his death. I enjoy the dolphins, palm trees, junks, and mermaids with which the author fills the empty spaces on his maps. Personally I do not like maps which revert to the style of three centuries ago, show mountains by wiggly

IF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN SHOULD RUN DRY.

lines and triangles, and make the Rocky Mountains consist of a dozen or more ranges running east and west. Nor do I like the ostentatiously cubist maps of Italy, and other countries, but I admit that this is a matter of taste, and my taste may be poor. What I do object to most strenuously is inaccuracy and carelessness which cannot possibly serve any artistic purpose. On page 17, for example, there are two drawings which are supposed to illustrate either the seasons, or day and night—I cannot tell which—and eclipses. They are fuzzy, inaccurate, and confusing, and therefore utterly inartistic because they do not fulfil the scientific purpose for which they were designed. A picture like that on page 230 entitled "If the British Channel should run dry" shows either misuse of the imagination or lack of scientific imagination. It depicts a great chasm vastly narrower and deeper than any part of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Yet the Channel is really a very broad, flat old valley covered by the sea. Even where it is narrowest, twenty miles at Dover, the width is about six hundred times the depth.

Even more annoying is the wanton dis-

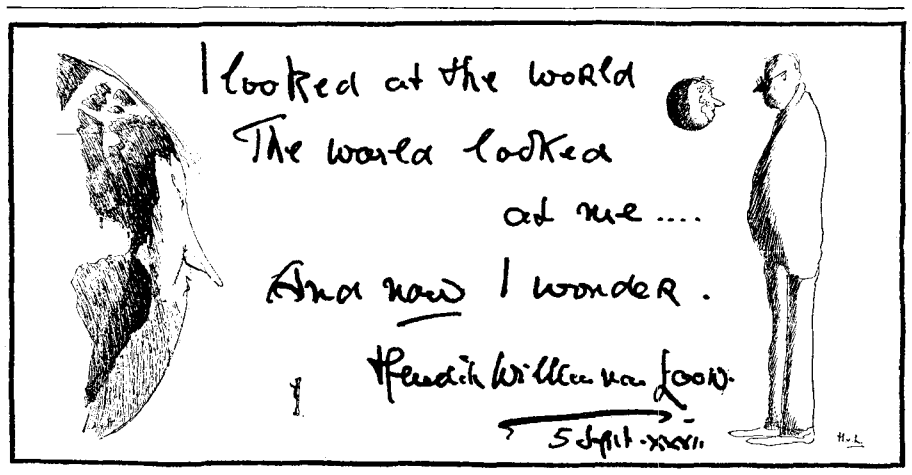
RAINSTORMS ARE ONLY LOCAL AFFAIRS.

tortion of the maps. Great Britain, Asia Minor, Nova Scotia and other familiar pieces of land are a different shape on every map, and never correct. There is no beauty or inspiration in making Florida curve one way on this map and another on that, or in putting it further south than Constantinople. These maps like the book itself have both faults and the merits of impressionist geography.

Geography has suffered many things at the hands of its friends. The historian Buckle was right in his general thesis about climate, but was so ignorant of scientific methods and of the world outside Europe that he scared serious students away from that subject for a long time. The Royal Geographical Society of London still thinks that geography consists only of exploration and map-making. Then we have people like Harry Franck whose writings picture him as a glorified hobo, and Frank Carpenter whose schoolbooks have been read by millions of us. To them the essence of geography is the "queerness" of other countries. Van Loon's book is impressionist geography, just the kind to be expected from a man who is at the same time an artist and a seeker for novel effects. The book is good reading and valuable provided one realizes the fact. Here, for example, is a description of Norway full of hyperbole, but a gem in its way.

> It is a strange land. It is a hard land —a land that has driven hundreds of thousands of its sons and daughters away from its shores, asking them to shift for themselves as best they could, and that nevertheless has somehow or other managed to keep their love and loyalty. Take a boat sometime if you have a chance and travel northward. Everywhere it is the same. Some God-forsaken little village clinging to a bit of grass, just enough for a single goat, and five or six houses and a few ramshackle boats and one steamer a week and people weeping because they see it again—because it is home—because it is their home—because it is part of their flesh and blood.

Ellsworth Huntington is research associate in geography of Yale University, and a traveller and explorer of wide experience.



Sweet Land of Liberty

(*Continued from preceding page*)

such an inquisitive pilgrimage in this large and diverse country can find anything he wants to find; but Mr. Markey is a reporter of established trustworthiness and he seems to have gone forth with no preconceived opinions except the at present fairly common one, that something is wrong somewhere and it might be a good thing if something could be done about it. The questions he asked of all sorts of people were usually "How do you like what you are doing?" "What would you do if you could?" "What do you live by?" and "What do you think about things in general?" The answers to the last two, in the main, were rather depressing; but surely it is nothing new in human history that the average man lives by force of habit, and that about things in general he thinks either something erroneous or nothing at all.

So the chief value of the book would appear to be not so much in its conclusions as in its picture, or rather pictures—some hundreds of vignettes of American scenery and American life, which should not be missed by any one who has any curiosity about this large and multiform nation. You will learn, for instance, that members of the upper classes of Duluth seem "reasonably pleased with themselves and their wives" (Margaret Culkin Banning's novels would give a different impresssion, but after all it is harder to write a novel about a man who is pleased with himself and his wife); that in the Pacific Northwest "you walk a chalk line or you take the consequences," but that "a smart man can make shrewd use of their queer notions of legality"—at least, so says a rising politician; that Middle Western farmers (and Mr. Markey considers this their greatest misfortune) are, as a result of the change from subsistence to profit farming, "no longer rustics at all, but people located at an inconvenient distance from town"; that the Rocky Mountains have not produced much in the way of art because no work of mortal man could be more than absurd beside the magnificence of the landscape. And so on. You will find some horrible examples, and some good ones.

How far you can validly generalize from these five hundred specimens may be doubted; after all, the direction of national destiny usually depends more on the articulates than on the inarticulates. Mr. Markey has made a very good cross-section—with one noteworthy qualification; he does not seem to have talked to very many people who were out of a job. One conclusion besides that of general aimlessness seems supported by the evidence here presented—an idea which struck Mr. Markey in San Francisco but finds plenty of corroboration elsewhere. The old notion that Americans are good business men but do not know how to live will not hold water; they know very well how to live, even the Babbitts who have been shamed by Lewis into leading a life of more amenity than you are likely to find among their critics; but they are poor business men except in the upward swing of the business cycle when nobody can help being a good business man. When hard times come the ordinary American is helpless because "he has no conception of commerce as a constant stream; his resources of shrewdness and defense are almost negligible." Work, the author concludes, has been for the average American only "an anesthetic to prevent his mind from becoming bored"; but now he is interested in golf (and sometimes in nobler things) and it is business that bores him.

After all, the fact of cardinal importance about this country, whether you consider it geographically or socially, is its immensity and diversity. Of that you will gain a powerful impression from Mr. Markey's reports; and you can hardly fail to find a keen human interest, in the authentic sense of that much abused term, in the pictures of so many and such different lives. This you will like even if you prefer to draw your own conclusions from the evidence, or doubt if any can be validly drawn at all.

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Introduction to a Life

KAGAWA. By WILLIAM AXLING. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by CLARENCE G. DITTMER

KAGAWA, a prophet without a beard, a Mussolini without authority, a Gandhi without a press agent and without a local color of goat and loin-cloth and loom. The subject of William Axling's book is a strange combination of contradictions. He is mystic but not ascetic, a pacifist without meekness, a non-resister who is willing to take to his heels today that he may return to the fight tomorrow. Kagawa is ambitious for society but not for himself. He is a lover of humanity but no respecter of persons. Imagine if you can a socialist without class consciousness, a communist without a revolution, a philosopher without a system, a reformer without a panacea, and a Christian without a theology.

Kagawa of Japan is a strange combination of the East and the West. In a stolid land he indulges in emotion and gives free vent to his tears. He is unconscious of public opinion. Conventional attitudes possess no power over him. His social values are drawn from both great cultures and he holds to them only because he has found them good. He is so unconventionally logical that he constitutes an invitation to the activities of the psychiatrist.

And who and what is Kagawa? He is the illegitimate son of an aristocratic but profligate father and a "convenient" mother. His youth was one of loneliness, misunderstanding, neglect, abuse, and tears. In school he stood very nearly friendless and alone working out his own philosophy of life. In young manhood he lived the life of his social idealism facing, in utter abandon and in total disregard of his personal comfort and welfare, poverty, privation, violence, contempt, and even death. In middle life he stands a power in his native land, a stern challenge to his Christian brethren, a bulwark to the downtrodden and oppressed, and a consternation to the exploiter of human life.

It is in language as beautiful as Kagawa's own and in mysticism as complete, that William Axling, disciple and fellow mystic, unfolds and interprets the "miracle" of this unusual life and challenging career. Kagawa, who is now but forty-five years of age, will be the subject of books yet to come. He and his work will be studied from the standpoint of art and literature, leadership, social science, and even genetics and psychology. Metaphysician, philosopher, scientist, and humanist will approach the problem of the man and the life and they will not cease to be "miraculous." In his native Japan he is already known and loved and hated. He is a power to be feared and to be relied upon. In the Western world his name is less familiar than that of the bandit-patriot-traitor-hero Ma. He lacks the color and the dash of fame. He lives the type of life which is too challenging for comfort.

KAGAWA.

Kagawa is a man with a great vision but that vision is no more than the current social idealism of the humanists of the world today. His uniqueness lies in his logic. He sees no reason why social idealists should not have the strength of their convictions. He lives his social philosophy and the spectacle of his practising what he preaches is most alarming. The enigma and the power of the man lie in the fact that his life and his attitudes are so unusually logical.

The Cycle of Cathay

THE TINDER BOX OF ASIA. By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by FELIX MORLEY

IT was during a rather extensive visit to China in the critical winter of 1925-26 that I first heard the name of George E. Sokolsky and was impressed thereby because at a time of intense political feeling that correspondent was uniformly referred to with respect. This was true not merely among representatives of all Chinese factions but also among spokesmen of the many currents of diverse opinion found among the foreign colony in China. Mr. Sokolsky, in short, has for some years past been proving himself an outstanding example in the new school of American foreign correspondents—impartial, judicial, and above all so thoroughly informed and interested in the field of which they write as to be legitimately and constructively molders both of our public opinion and of our foreign policy.

Mr. Sokolsky is now living in New York and since the emergence of the Sino-Japanese crisis his name has become known over here for his timely and penetrating articles in the New York *Times*. Some of this material, together with the distillation of his close observation during fifteen years in the Orient, is brought together in his very noteworthy book on "The Tinder Box of Asia."

With one glaring exception, discussed below, this is a work of real impartiality and objectivity in a field which has heretofore aroused in this country far more emotion than understanding. In the present three-cornered struggle between China, Japan, and Russia, of which recent sensational happenings have been after all only an unusually dramatic episode, it is delineation of national attitudes rather than criticism of national policies with which Mr. Sokolsky is concerned. To this aim he is loyal, from cover to cover.

It is no criticism of the author to say that his secondary objective has been to write not a scholarly treatise but a frankly popular volume on the Asiatic tangle. His sensational title, rendered somewhat ridiculous by the fact that the book nowhere particularizes what or where is the Asiatic "Tinder Box," is due warning of the treatment employed. There is little that is academic and much that is purely journalistic in the exposition of the theme, as when Czarist Russia's policy with regard to the Chinese Eastern Railway is summarized by saying that "[Count] Witte had forged the dagger with which Japan was to be stabbed and her wounded body thrown back into the seclusion of the Pacific." There is rather too much *ex cathedra* wisdom and assurance in retrospect, as when Secretary Knox's efforts to neutralize the Manchurian railroads are loftily dismissed as "blundering proposals." But perhaps these are penalties to be paid for a book which is stimulating and easy reading throughout and which packs a great deal of valuable information into its well-turned paragraphs. The necessary historical summarization is particularly skilful, an outstanding instance being the manner in which the political and economic background of contemporary Mongolia is condensed into a single page. And the rather obvious court paid by the author to the large class of "general readers" does not, in most cases, affect the shrewdness with which he has collected his evidence, nor the judicial manner in which it has been weighed.

The crying exception to this technique, unfortunately, is the lengthy chapter on the recent Sino-Japanese hostilities, which gives neither a clear summary, nor an adequate exposition, nor a mature judgment on this vitally important episode in world history. Indeed, the whole chapter appears to have been written hurriedly and under pressure, attested not merely by literary crudities, but also by downright factual inaccuracies. Among these may be mentioned the assertion that the Council of the League of Nations on September 30 passed a resolution requiring Japan to withdraw her troops in Manchuria by October 14. It is impossible to understand how anyone who had read the text of the resolution referred to could have had so complete a misconception of its contents.

Indeed, such is the animus exhibited by Mr. Sokolsky towards the League of Nations that one is disposed to feel he exhausted all his impartiality in treating of national policies in the Far East, and then let loose on the international organization, which is always fair game for facile condemnation. And while the author is sufficiently magnanimous to say that he strongly favors "the conception of some league of nations . . . perhaps even the present League," a definite bias shows in some instances where the League's role in the Sino-Japanese conflict is surveyed. "The [Council] meeting was held in Paris because M. Briand had no time to go to Geneva.". . . "The Council seemed to be dramatically hysterical.". . . "The Assembly of the League worked itself into a passion of oratory." These and similar editorializations *à la* Hearst are doubly unfortunate because they are likely to cast doubt on the care and reliability behind the major, and truly valuable, portion of the book.

Equally hurried and unimpressive is the chapter on "World Peace at Stake" in which Mr. Sokolsky comes near to falling into the semi-mystical conception of the Orient, common to those who have lived too long there, and immortalized by Kipling's absurd dictum that "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." The author's general thesis is that "There can be no general rule that applies to Europe and Asia at the present time when the political standards and economic conditions in the two regions differ so radically." Therefore the League, representing such homogeneous European communities as Denmark and Rumania, should not have meddled in the Sino-Japanese crisis, and therefore the United States has followed a dangerous policy by letting itself be "hooked into the League of Nations system" by the coöperation given to Geneva. The somewhat illogical summation of this rather tenuous reasoning is that "It should be American policy to keep the Philippines as long as there is the slightest possibility that the United States may have to resort to arms or to threatening negotiations to protect her trade interest in the Pacific."

The general effect of this part of the book is not such as to cause undue mortification among the hard-working officers of the Far Eastern Division of the Department of State. What remains in mind is a slight melancholy over the intoxicating effect of oriental residence on many keen occidental minds. They find it so easy to forget that while they have been becoming expert on the Orient they have inevitably been losing understanding of political nuances in the rest of the world.

But if Mr. Sokolsky falls into the pitfalls which beset the path of experts when they leave their field, his competence therein is in no way minimized by these unfortunate excursions. He gives a vivid and surprisingly thorough bird's-eye view of the contemporary cauldron in eastern Asia. He is impressive, without being alarmist, on such momentous movements as the growth of Chinese communism. He has penetrated, and is able to delineate in salty phrases, the intricacies of Chinese, Japanese, and Russian psychology and philosophy. He is a master of pithy writing and has a rare turn for making incident graphic.

A more careful proof reading should be given to this book before the second edition which may be anticipated.

JACKET DESIGN FOR "CHAUCER."

G. K. On Chaucer

CHAUCER. By G. K. CHESTERTON. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $2.50 net.

Reviewed by HOWARD R. PATCH

SOUND the concertina's melancholy string! Blow the spirit-stirring harp like anything! Let the piano's martial blast— But hold! that will hardly be necessary after all. One might have supposed after Chesterton's work on Dickens, and again after his book on Browning, that when it came to a subject as congenial to his views as Geoffrey Chaucer he would outdo himself, in short that he would achieve a classic. We can put up some sort of defense for his method. We can urge that to indicate Chaucer's centrality he has used him from every angle as a point of departure. But the result is not satisfactory; it does not give us a rounded portrait or a coherent interpretation of this perhaps the second greatest poet in the history of English letters. Nor does it convey to us the quality of the age in which he lived. If all the gilded *putti* of a seventeenth century cathedral should speak at once with voices inevitably aimed in different directions, from the sum total of their strophes and antistrophes we should not guess the full beauty of the edifice.

It is easy to tell whether a writer on Chaucer knows what he is talking about. Thus a mere beginner will be quite sure to say that the poet's face had an elvish look (because he once described himself that way at a certain dramatic moment); that the "Tale of Sir Thopas" is only a parody of medieval romance; that Chaucer undoubtedly met Petrarch; that the "Decameron" was the model for the framework of the "Canterbury Tales"; that Chaucer was the father of the English language. Into most of these pitfalls Chesterton puts at least one foot, even if with the other he executes a difficult *entrechat*. He writes some incredibly futile things about the Marguerite poetry, in which, one infers, he has dabbled a little in reading scholarly articles and come away all mixed up. Soon, doubtless, he threw aside the whole pile of available monographs and, intent on a fresh approach, began dictating to his secretary. As he walked up and down his study, he decided on the way up that Chaucer didn't copy the "Decameron," and on the way down that perhaps he did. One must be a little more deliberate in cultivating genuine spontaneity.

Yet he also manages to dictate some very fine and very shrewd comments. It is worth much more than the price of admission to have a critic with Chesterton's general soundness and penetration read any poet through again and casually give up his observations as they occur to him. That would be the perfect way to have them—in the form of intimate talk: "Perhaps, by the way, there is a Chaucerian joke, of the sort that is called sly, in making the Confessor of the Nuns (of all men) say that he, for his part, knows no harm about any woman." The Parliament of Foules "is a particularly grace-

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ful exercise in that sort of stately levity, which is suitable for compliments paid at court, by men who are rather more than courtiers." Of the Troilus: "Anyhow, it illustrates a certain difference . . . to note that the Renaissance version, compared with the medieval version, is certainly livelier, and certainly not happier. It is the liveliness of the second fermentation; and what in Chaucer was still wine, in Shakespeare is very like vinegar." Of the Franklin's compliment to the young Squire in the pilgrimage: "Now that is a living incident that leaps at the eye; a story that comes straight out of the things that really happen. It is as quiet and as real as Jane Austen." Of the Prioress: "Somehow, she does waft across the ages a delicately mingled atmosphere of refinement and fuss."

These fragments and many more show the real Chesterton. What has happened to him that he must write prose, as moderns do poetry, so that for very mealiness it breaks into bits? Instead of appearing as God's troubadour, he is more like an overstuffed Renaissance courtier with a passion for mannerism. He can at will thrust neatly into the sides of the enemy: Shaw, he says, in studying Shakespeare "was looking for that ghastly thing which Nonconformists call a Message, and continue to call a Message, even when they have become atheists and do not know who the Message is from." With a flourish he can summarize a whole period: the inspiration of nineteenth century medievalism "was drawn, not only from Chaucer, but from the early romantic Chaucer as distinct from the later realistic Chaucer." Here is God's plenty, no doubt, and with all due jocularity. "A light touch is a mark of strength and not weakness, in spiritual as in bodily things." But we must demur that a whole wealtth of freshness and grace, all the health of spirit that is undoubtedly his, will not entirely redeem occasional cheapness and blunder. Moreover, the light touch sometimes misses the point, as when the Merchant's Tale is seen merely as "rather naughty, in the manner of a French farce," and in discussing the Wife of Bath's garrulous egotism he forgets her deafness. His paradoxes are still a joy to some people. To others they are like pebbles on his tongue which he hopes will help him as the "greyn" served in the mouth of the little "clergeoun." But after all it is a great deal to have anyone singing "O alma redemptoris mater" as persistently as he today.

A Lady of the South

MEMORIES OF A SOUTHERN WOMAN OF LETTERS. By GRACE KING. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. $4.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

IN this gentle volume, "Memories of a Southern Woman of Letters," Grace King counts her triumphs and her personalities to build a book of shadows. The shadows are the little great ones, and a few really great ones, who, as the last century ended and a new one began, peopled a world of art and letters in America and abroad which seemed perfect and substantial to this lady who gazed upon them with the politeness and provinciality of an elder New Orleans. In her book, written in reverent memory, Miss King resurrects her shadows in politeness but seldom into life.

Miss King, who wrote "Monsieur Motte," "New Orleans," "Creole Families of Louisiana," and "La Dame de Sainte Hermine," is before all other things a lady of her time and her place. All her reactions and her comments are shaped by the patterns of female gentility in the New Orleans of the last century. She is all gentleness to tragedy, all iron to any deviation from moral rectitude. So deeply fixed were her religious convictions that she found herself bordering upon dangerous adventure in attending a lecture by Renan in Paris. There is much awe and a little fluttering of the female heart in her meetings with the great. But her reactions to them are usually conventional. Sometimes she describes their virtues in the phrases of a dignified obituary. Miss King has written well and she can write well, but she could never escape from the New Orleans of the time and pattern into which she was born.

Because she wrote and also, one feels, because she was a lady who sought admittance she was admitted as a fellow into the world of letters. In New Orleans where her family was one of the first families, the King household was always open to literary men. There began the long series of literary personalities which Miss King counts in this book as another old lady might count her beads: Joaquin Miller, Richard Watson Gilder, Julia Ward Howe, William Dean Howells, Hamilton W. Mabie, Charles Dudley Warner, H. M. Alden, Walter Hines Page, Thomas Nelson Page, Ruth McHenry Stuart, Madame Blanc (the Th. Bentzon of *La Revue des Deux Mondes*), Paul Despardins, and many others.

Of the figures she remembers only four are drawn in any vividness and one of those she never met. Madame Blanc, whom she met in Paris and later in New Orleans, is drawn as a dominating and vigorous personality. She recreates the life and tragedy of Charles Gayarré, the historian of Louisiana, a great man in poverty and an exile from the Paris he loved. She gives no evidence that she ever met her fellow townsman, George Washington Cable, but she regarded him as a traitor to New Orleans and her first writing was inspired by a desire to write truthfully, as she strongly felt Cable had not, of her beloved New Orleans.

Most important of Miss King's memories to literary history are those of the Clemens family. She first met Mark Twain and his wife while she was visiting in New England and later visited them at their Villa Viviani in Florence. Mark Twain and his family emerge as human beings in spite of Miss King's sentimentality in writing of them. Under her praises, the reader finds a picture of the neurotic and sickly Mrs. Clemens and the even more neurotic Susie Clemens, the favorite daughter of Mark Twain. The reader sees growing both in New England and in Florence the train of events in Samuel Clemens's life which grew into the tragedy depicted later by Albert Bigelow Payne.

Miss King begins her book with both drama and color in her vivid description

GRACE KING

of her flight as a child with her mother and grandmother, from the New Orleans occupied by "Beast" Butler, by steamboat and cart and barge into the Louisiana plantation country still occupied by the Confederates. But the story teller's attitude is soon lost. In her descriptions of men and of places, she is both hurried and stereotyped. All must go in. The book moves on from its vivid beginning to its end in the thin triumph of an honorary degree from Tulane University. Yet there are passages between, little stories between, which give the book color and strength. This is an old lady's story but the story of an old lady who, if she was provincial, looked at a wide world. Her record of it will be interesting to students of the American literature of her period.

A volume of letters—mainly love-letters—written by Strindberg, the great Swedish dramatist, to his third wife, Harriet Bosse, has been published in Stockholm.

A London Success

NYMPH ERRANT. By JAMES LAVER. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THE short line that has been drawn so far on Mr. Laver's auctorial chart shows that he had progressed, or simply moved, from the writing of delicately bawdy verse to the writing of delicately bawdy prose. The verse was amusing, and the prose is also amusing; but neither is more important, or less ephemeral, than the latest smart revue. Such things are for a season, and every season supplies itself with as much as it wants of the kind. When I was in London a month or so ago, "Nymph Errant" was the vogue, and it would be silly to protest that it was undeserving of the honor there, or that it should be denied a modish success here; but it is not silly to insist that its qualities are precisely those that make for fleeting success rather than endurance; nor is it silly to point out that when the London critics ransacked their vocabularies for superlatives with which to hail this extravaganza they were stultifying themselves and, though less consciously perhaps than young Gobbo, were trying confusions with their readers.

Having made the above reservations with a view to avoiding misunderstanding, it is possible to recommend "Nymph Errant" as a source of entertainment; particularly to those persons who enjoy being led along by a constantly dangled erotic lure, as the more innocent among donkeys are seduced forward by a carrot held elusively before the nose. These readers will, to be sure, never eat the carrot, even at the last; for Mr. Laver's bawdiness is, as I have said, delicate, and his discretion unfailing. In this novel, of which the single theme is carnal concupiscence, the most intimate fleshly contact which the author directly describes is (unless my memory plays tricks) that of a gentleman kissing a lady's hand. Every page is a promise that he will give his all when the next is turned; and every turned page is a promise unfulfilled. The success of the author's technique is founded on the old saw of hope triumphing over experience, and if any of his readers are disappointed they must console themselves with the other old saw which assures us that anticipation is better than realization. They cannot, however, complain that they have lacked titillation along the way; for Mr. Laver has the erogenous zones of the average reading public at his pen's tip, as one may say, and has played upon them as one might play a xylophone with feathers.

As for the plot, it is simplicity itself. Evangeline Edwards—leaving a Swiss finishing school, and following the instructions of her science teacher, Miss Pratt, who said that one should never be afraid to experiment with life—falls, steps, or runs from the arms of one lover into another. But, for purposes of conciseness, the jacket blurb cannot be improved upon:

> Evangeline went places; saw people; did things. First with André to Deauville; then to Montparnasse with Alexei; with Heinz to Himmelheim and the Nudists; then to his Austrian castle and later to Venice with Joseph Ferdinand Leopold von Hohenhochburg-Mantalini . . .; an interlude aboard his yacht with Constantine Koumoudouropolos, a Greek financier; the sack of Smyrna followed by dull weeks in the harem of a Turkish delegate to the League of Nations. Then, rescued by a chivalrous and pure-minded American, interested chiefly in drains and timetables, Evangeline is left on the doorstep, so to speak, of the League of Nations at Geneva. Miss Pratt again, Paris, another glimpse of André, and then the return after a year . . . to Aunt Ermyntrude's quiet fireside at Oxford.

There is the pattern. And Mr. Laver has, I think, confessed just how he came to choose it. When Evangeline returns to Paris she witnesses a revue, produced by her first lover, in which the scenes represent her own recent experiences. Has André, she asks herself, set out to stage an epitome of her life during the past years? But no. "Evangeline realized that André had not been thinking of her at all, and that he had merely selected those elements of the modern world which seemed most likely to have an erotic appeal, and that this apparent connection with her own life was purely fortuitous!" Well, the author of "Nymph Errant" has described his own selection; and may he enjoy the power and the glory, to say nothing of the material reward, that come to those who do such things.

Apropos of Labor Day

(*Continued from page* 85)

all men move with fear? Will the lift that by Labor Day was faintly perceptible in sentiment if hardly yet in the conditions of business prove to be have been illusive hope or will retrospect show it to have been the first thrust of rising prosperity? It is anyone's guess, and time alone can tell. But it is something to know that for the moment at least men go about more cheerfully and that business, now that Labor Day is past, girds its loins for intenser effort. Already in our particular corner of the world we feel the stir of freshening confidence, the renewal of the will to overcome odds. And so far as the publishing world is concerned, confidence finds a sound basis in books chosen with more extreme care than in the past; in the increased determination of the publishers to tackle full force those problems which long have deleteriously affected their industry—problems of remaindering, of reissues, of advances, to mention but a few. Better business has forced the addition of extra pages to the first post-Labor Day issue of the *Saturday Review*. There lies a portent. Surely it may mean that the publishing world, with the wider world, has passed the winter, and the summer too, of its discontent.

"There is news of an official plan for a French Encyclopædia on the lines of the Encyclopædia Britannica" says *John o'London's Weekly*. "M. de Monzie, the minister of National Education in the French Government, has stated that it is hoped to form a committee with the Prime Minister, M. Herriot, as chairman, before the end of the summer holidays. This committee will select the authorities and editorial staff. Their headquarters will be the Bibliothèque Nationale. The funds for this great undertaking are to be provided by private subscription. M. Herriot is himself a man of letters and a historian; several of his books, including the important United States of Europe, are available in English translations. M. Monzie, the Minister of Education, is also distinguished as a scholar. In giving his support to the scheme M. Monzie has pointed out that, besides being a work of reference—a depository of knowledge—a national encyclopædia is bound to act as a stimulus to the advance of knowledge. A stock-taking of knowledge is a necessary preliminary to new efforts."

The original score of Wagner's "Siegfriend Idyll" fetched £1,150 at a recent London sale. Another interesting item was the autographed manuscript of R. L. Stevenson's "Lesson on the Sea" (£46), representing about £2 5s. a line.

The Saturday Review
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The Real Ireland

THE SAINT AND MARY KATE. By FRANK O'CONNOR. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. $2.

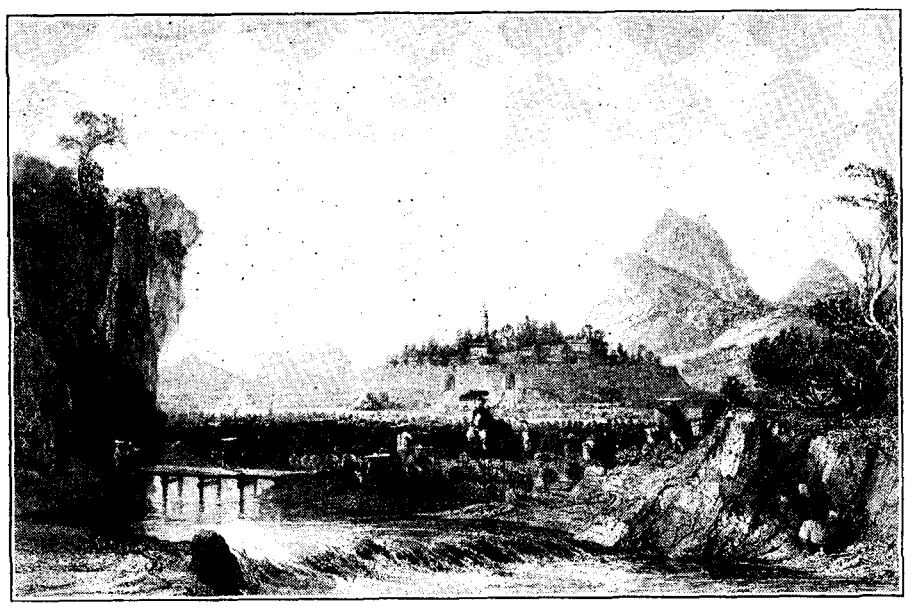
Reviewed by SIGNE TOKSVIG

THE real Ireland is finding voices at last, and among these the one with the warmest timbre and the sublest inflections and the most convincing things to say is Frank O'Connor's. His book of short stories, "Guests of the Nation," gave rich promise, and his first novel, "The Saint and Mary Kate," fully carries this out. It is written in firm, springy, elastic language, with idioms like the smell of turf-smoke, images as unforced as field flowers, and a lilt throughout it straight from Cork. He has the grace of beauty that is never affected, his irony is never heavy nor his tenderness sentimental or patronizing. His characters walk out of the pages into one's mind and stay there.

An uninspired literacy has not yet reached down far enough to make human stencils of those Irish who crowd the fantastic tenements of Cork or tramp the wide, unvulgarized countryside, and Frank O'Connor has eye, ear, and heart for them. They swarm in procession in his book, a living, babbling stream, sometimes going underground but always reappearing, though some special fancy of ours may have been left behind, such as Mrs. Vaughan, who, as her husband saw her, was "a grand stook of a woman, God bless her! as big and fat and soft and fresh and healthy as a cock of hay."

Mrs. Vaughan was the volunteer midwife of the Doll's House, the tenement where the girl Mary Kate lived, and Phil Dinan, the boy whose pious obsessions got him the nickname of the Saint. Those two, and their old maid friend Dona Nobis (so called from a phrase in one of the hymns she was eternally singing), are the constant members of this procession, although Phil Dinan is snatched a little callously from our view at the end. Without ever actually describing Mary Kate, Frank O'Connor does make one feel her dainty freshness, lively charm, and warm, valiant realism; as he also convinces one of Phil Dinan, that dark, narrow-faced, bitterly handsome youth, so specifically Irish in his ritualistic religiosity, dashed with mysticism. He is nearly unhinged by fixation on his dead mother and fear of death itself and of the Last Judgment, but he is utterly sincere and free from all false respect, wholly and terrifically himself, locked, like Mr. De Valera, in the grip of a mathematical conscience. How often Mary Kate curses Phil's conscience! though she is herself chaste by natural inclination, yet she is the daughter of Babe McCormick, a young woman of all too easy virtue who furnishes the Doll's house with scandal and illegitimate infants, and Mary Kate knows and welcomes the facts of life. But to Phil, tender for her soul and afraid of her body, the facts of life do not seem to apply. Mary Kate migrates to Dublin to stay with her supposed father, and Phil, hearing that the house is no fit place for her, follows her to Dublin and drags her back to Cork. Their long walk home, only mitigated by a few lifts, is surely one of the most quaint and dramatic journeys in literature. But, even though she nestles her pretty head on his arm in the straw, Phil gives her no satisfaction.

Neither, indeed, does Frank O'Connor do much for the palpitating reader in the matter of satisfying curiosity; wilfully he does not let the odd, shy courtship come to either wreck or completion. Against the ever-shifting background of his procession of characters, "like an Egyptian wall-painting," we see Phil owning to his love and then fleeing from it, into a long-haired, unshaved quest for peace in his soul, while Mary Kate weeps over the shoulder of Dona Nobis, penning a letter to the holy tramp. But a glimpse of hope is left that poor, good, intense, narrow Phil, who somehow resembles young, Republican Ireland, will come to his senses as well as out of the dark and smelly crypts, and end by embracing and accepting life in all its vivid fulness, life in the enticing shape of a moral, kind, gay, fresh, and lovely Mary Kate.



LANDSCAPE IN CHINA.
From a drawing by Thomas Allom.

Week-Enders In China

PEKING PICNIC. By ANN BRIDGE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

PRIZE novels carry with them, despite the obvious advantages associated with any award, one signal handicap. Every reader inevitably becomes a member of a jury that appraises not only the novel but the judges of the contest as well. In the present instance, Mr. Ellery Sedgwick adequately explains on the dust-cover why this particular book was chosen for the Atlantic Monthly prize, but, better still, the book speaks for itself. Few readers will be inclined to dissent from the verdict, for "Peking Picnic" is a distinguished achievement.

The story concerns a party of sophisticated English, French, and Americans who go off together to spend a week-end among the blossoming fruit trees and stylized shrines of an ancient religious foundation in the hills near Peking. The party is large and its members are diversified in age and experience as well as in nationality. Morever, their individual diversities are sharply outlined against the greater contrast of their environment. The result is that in their casual groupings and regroupings during this short expedition they contrive to play a startling number of variations upon such primary themes as life and death. Indeed the special and exotic quality of the Chinese background serves merely to emphasize the universality of their problems: they love and jest, suffer both spiritually and physically, in a strange, theatrical world that quickens their apperceptions but leaves them themselves fundamentally unchanged.

The charm of the heroine is undeniable. She possesses a serene capacity for living richly that enables her to deal judiciously with an extraordinary range of persons and situations. Whether she is occupied with another woman's surrender to a notably inconstant lover or with the pain that a late flowering of passion may bring to herself, whether she is braving a vicious mob of Chinese bandits or pacifying an English Excellency with a cocktail, whether she is smoothing out the youthful difficulties of her children in Oxfordshire or the venerable intricacies of diplomacy in Peking, Laura Leroy remains an engaging person, her cool wisdom tempered by the warmth of her responsive sympathy. One may have some doubt about the general availability of her personal code—she draws some rather tenuous though convenient distinctions between loyalty and fidelity—but about Laura herself there can be no question: she makes even the twists in her conduct seem straight.

The author, like her heroine, is interested in ideas, and the urbanity of her philosophy pervades not only the witty, intelligent conversations of her characters but her own preoccupation with the world in which they move. This puts her book in the class of adult reading, but occasionally leaves the people in the story resembling Platonic "patterns fixed in nature" rather than living men and women; one cannot rationalize experiences that are primarily emotional without sacrificing something of the vitality of their participants. The heroine, however, escapes this fate entirely, and the flaw, if it be flaw, is a minor one in a tale that offers so much and is so adroitly written.

Those who like to meet civilized people in a novel, to see them placed in a strange and beautiful environment that is vividly realized, and to savour through them a varied experience, interpreted in terms of differing personal and national attitudes, will not be disappointed in "Peking Picnic." Even those who demand plenty of action and suspense will be satisfied. In short, the Atlantic Monthly has bestowed its prize upon a book that is certain to be popular and to deserve its popularity.

A Cinderella of the Stage

THE CHARMING SALLY. By MAUD HART LOVELACE. New York: The John Day Company. 1932. $2.

SO conventional in all its romantic sentimentalities is Maud Hart Lovelace's new novel, "The Charming Sally," that it may be read only with a sense of amused remembrance for those volumes full of the difficulties of lovers in costume, of costumed virtue beseiged, and of intruding tailored villains which brought so many easy tears before they began wearing dust on book shelves twenty years ago. Not even Miss Lovelace's researches into the early American theatre can make the book anything else than a very light and very sentimental novel.

Miss Lovelace's story is built about the historical record of the coming to America of the Hallam Company of Comedians on the little ship "The Charming Sally" in the eighteenth century and their difficulties in the strait-laced colonies. The romance concerns a lovely Cinderella of the London stage who flies with the company because she has been abducted and deflowered by a Hanoverian prince. On the voyage she meets the handsome and upright Quaker who loved her and to whom she entrusts the prince's offspring after it is born in America. To prove the true virtue (in spite of the prince's offspring) of her heroine, Miss Lovelace introduces one of those familiar villians, a Southern cavalier whose lustful persistence after her favors is only less convincing to a modern reader than the heroine's persistent resistance to his advances. In the end, after the pattern, the little actress of adamantine virtue and the Quaker of stalwart devotion are reunited.

All of the characters have the familiarity of old players in an old play. The breath of life is in none of them. Even Miss Lovelace's researches lie upon the pages of the book like costumes put upon them. The book has its chief virtue in serving to create a tender, if a little amusing, nostalgia, for the cloaks and swords which stirred the blood of our youth, but even in this Miss Lovelace is more preoccupied with the tendernesses of mother love than with the ring of clashing swords. Today the book is an anachronism.

Philip Guedalla is said to have chosen the relationships of Queen Victoria and Gladstone as the subject for his next work.

Unto Their Children

INHERITANCE. By PHYLLIS BENTLEY. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THE title of this book filled me with some misgivings; nor was it any comfort to discover, on the last page of all, that quaint skeleton in the cupboard of contemporary English fiction—the genealogical table. Moreover, the first page of the novel reads like the opening of a well-known formula, for it tells you that the year is 1812, and that the Oldroyds have already become one of the leading families of cloth manufacturers in the Ire Valley of Yorkshire; and you have the immediate premonition that the story will not end until the year 1931, and that, like other family novels which have observed the letter but not examined the spirit of John Galsworthy, it will be just another lazy, pretentious, and worthless piece of writing.

But Miss Bentley overcomes the deepest prejudice and the most sombre predictions. She has perceived a fact so obvious that it seems to be invisible to several of her contemporaries—that a family is not *per se* the theme for a novel, that you must discover some dramatic unity in your tale of generations or not write about them at all, and that dramatic unity is something more than ingenuity, and diversity of incident and character, and pieces of fine writing. Whatever her faults, Miss Bentley is at least a novelist.

Her intentions with regard to "Inheritance" were not altogether pure. At the end of the book she asks herself, through one of her characters,

> whether this tale of the Oldroyds, so illustrative, so typical of the cloth trade, was perhaps symbolic of all industry since the industrial revolution. David did not know, but he had rather a notion that it might be. . . .

In other words, Miss Bentley had rather a notion that it might be, and I have no hesitation in saying that it was a very horrid notion, and that she was too good a writer to indulge it for long. It is to her enduring credit that the Oldroyds are more important as people than as symbols.

The struggle between capital and labor, which forms the background of "Inheritance," is a terribly human thing; but in fiction it can only retain its humanity where it is subordinated to the novelist's real concern—which is with birth and death, and love and hate. Miss Bentley, I suspect, had some difficulty in keeping her knowledge of industrial history in its proper place; but, though her novel yawns at times, she has succeeded on the whole very handsomely indeed.

She begins with the murder of old Mr. Oldroyd by some disaffected mill-workers. Will Oldroyd, the old man's son, has seduced Mary Bamforth, a weaver's daughter; and Mary's brother, Joe, though he is actually innocent, is arrested, tried, and hanged for the old man's murder. From this tangle the Oldroyds and the Bamforths never extricate themselves. Jonathan Bamforth, Mary's illegitimate son by Will Oldroyd, becomes a champion of the oppressed will-worker and teaches his children the same doctrine. Meanwhile Will Oldroyd's legitimate son, Brigg, follows in his father's steps, and under him the Oldroyds prosper. They are hard, determined men, but they cannot resist the opportunity to become "gentry," and from the moment that their trade is more a source of money than a source of pride to them, their downfall begins. Nor are they ever free of the Bamforths, who have nothing in common with them but their blood; some destiny pulls the two families together, however much they may try to draw apart; and it is to Miss Bentley's credit that this strange conflict supplies the real drama in her book.

The Oldroyds go bankrupt in the post-war depression, and leave the Ire Valley —whence the Bamforths have long departed, rejected by employer and laborer alike because their radical newspaper was too honest and too uncompromising. In this sense both sides of the family have proved to be failures; but Miss Bentley

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tests them in a far larger way, by whether or not they have the quality of compassion, and it is only the Bamforths who survive that test. There is nothing mawkish or sentimental in compassion, which is practically synonymous with "understanding"; I think that Miss Bentley requires it as much of the working man as of his employer; that she has worked out a definite philosophy in the light of it; and that such a philosophy is not out of place in any work of fiction. It is largely because of this that her scenes—from the trial and execution of Joe Bamforth to the post-war strikes—are so truthfully depicted, and that all her many characters have the importance of her deep personal belief in them.

Perhaps this book will not reach a very wide public, or satisfy anyone but the reflective reader; honesty in an author is not the quickest road to success, particularly when it is neither decorated with tricks of style nor informed with anything that remotely approaches brilliance; but those who do read "Inheritance" will find it good.

A Dream for Lovers

THE FAIR OF ST. JAMES. By ELEANOR FARJEON. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON

TO spin a piece of delicate fantasy to the length of three hundred pages without breaking or at least straining the fabric is a difficult feat. Perhaps it is impossible as a mere feat. The least clumsiness or "pressing" would be fatal, the web must take shape lightly and surely from the hand of creative fancy. "The Fair of St. James" brings off the magic, each thread of the intricate pattern seeming to find its place without effort and to best advantage for the total effect.

The prelude tells of a pair of English lovers, not long married, who, loitering among the pleasant places of France, come upon a little town much to their taste. It is old and picturesque and full of flavor; it remembers better days, and looks for their return when the spirit of the past, "Jacques Cœur," shall come back to France from his long absence upon some vague beneficent mission. Jimmy and Laura hear of him the moment they set foot upon the cobbled streets of the town, in quest of "their very own hotel," which, they find presently, is a comfortable "Boule d'Or" with an inspired chef. They discover also a cathedral, an umbrella-mender, a gorgeously costumed Swiss verger, a deaf optician, a wonderful artificial rose; and an abandoned fair-ground beyond a wooden arch inscribed "Foire St. Jacques." Rain descends upon them as they return to their inn, and the red rose turns blue. They sleep . . . and dream. . . .

So the dream-tale begins, with Laura as the central figure; for as she passes under the arch her husband slips into the background, half-forgotten, a dim manifestation of the universal lover who now pursues and pays homage to her. To all these wooing males, each lovable in his fashion, she is greatly minded, and by the greatest of them nearly won. But something always checks her at the moment of yielding, a wistful thought or memory of more perfect love; and she knows what it is when at last Jimmy in his borrowed spectacles comes dashing up on the magic horse none else can ride. Like all good fairy stories and dream-tales, the fable is rich in symbolism which should not be too closely tracked down to special "meaning." The matter-of-fact reader will find little sense in it, and the imaginative reader may find what sense he will. In method and substance it is more akin to "Jurgen" than to "Alice." But with a mild eye for the aimless dalliance of sex, its true concern is with the delicate approaches and generous ecstasies of love. In short, it is a book for lovers, a species of literature that is always being laughed at but is yet to be laughed off.

The elm tree at Chalfont St. Giles, under which Milton, it is said, often used to sit, was felled recently. It had stood for more than five hundred years, and Milton's cottage is near by.

The Herries Carry On

THE FORTRESS. By HUGH WALPOLE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

THE sheer bulk of Mr. Walpole's romantic history of the Herries family is gradually coming to exceed all previous international records. "Rogue Herries" in 1930 took off with five hundred and twenty-four pages. The next year "Judith Paris" went it a little better with five hundred and sixty-five, and this year's "The Fortress," without any apparent effort, reaches the five hundred and eighty-four mark. And there is still one volume to go; if it cannot stretch itself to make a score of six hundred, reviewers will be justified, as to fact if not as to wit, in saying that Mr. Walpole's writing shows a slight falling off. But even without recourse to the future the Herries have sixteen hundred and ninety-three closely printed pages to their credit, and, although they have managed so far to squeeze themselves into only three volumes, each of these has the length and weight and atmosphere of a three volume novel. That makes their history, by the simplest calculation, a nonology at the present moment with no telling what polysyllabic developments wait around the corner of 1933.

And there are almost as many Herries as pages. The family seems to spread over most of England. Without the excellent genealogical chart in the back of the present volume any reader might well be lost in the underbrush of Herries that the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries saw brought to birth. It will be remembered that old Rogue Herries after a normally young marriage with issue took a second wife after seventy and that from this union of the old man with the young gypsy, Mirabell Starr, Judith Paris was born. Judith is at outs with society in general and with the Herries family in particular just as her lusty father had been. It is this split in the Herries family, always *a* Herries against *the* Herries, that ties together the story of the generations and the branches of the family within generations. With hot tempers and stubborn temperaments, the Herries make splendid fuel for family feuds. They would be ashamed to let the sun go down on anything but their wrath. And there are always enough of them who go in for revenge to provide a sudden death or two for each volume. In Rogue Herries's days there was more actual brutality perhaps but the subtler machinations of the present members of the family result just as finally in murder and in suicide.

"Judith Paris" left Judith at the age of forty with her illegitimate son about seven. In "The Fortress" she is carried to her one hundredth year, and on the birthday that marks her personal completion of a century she is still in command of the Herries forces on her side in the feud. (Mr. Walpole fell in love with Judith in the second volume and seems unable to give her up, but from now on the battle between the author and credibilty is going to be a stiff one, for most readers are too mortality-minded to accept much more than five score years as probable for even so dynamic a character as Judith Paris.) During the sixty years covered in this volume, Judith, foregoing her gypsy life, lives at Fell House and devotes herself to managing affairs there and to protecting the defenseless Jennifer and her children from the malignancy of Walter Herries, who, over some quarrel in the past, has sworn to drive Jennifer out of Fell House just as he had earlier driven her husband to suicide.

The Fortress is the house that Walter Herries builds on Ireby Hill above Fell House, where he can watch the life below him and keep Jennifer conscious always of his sinister nearness. He is defeated in one half of his intent by Jennifer's dying on the very day that the Fortress is opened. One evil follows upon the heels of another for Walter after his stronghold for spying is completed. His two children are lost to him, one through an ignominious death and the other through a marriage that far outbitters death in Walter's eyes. And Judith at Fell House grows in triumph. He cannot beat that woman, he cannot win her over. Weak Herries like Jennifer and Francis he can break beneath his hatred, but the indomitable Judith, tiny, birdlike, defies him with inconsistent impunity. In the end when Walter is a broken old man past eighty and Judith not at all broken at one hundred, they shake hands and call it a day on enmity.

There are other Herries in this volume caught into all the contemporary currents of activity. Adam, Judith's son, is absorbed in the Chartist movement. His young eagerness, his active faith, and his final disillusionment, against the changing radical background of the times, make up a story within the story. Will Herries who knows all the projects and people of importance of his day and who ends in the peerage is shown close knit with the conservative tendencies of the nineteenth century. Through his differing characters Mr. Walpole succeeds in bringing naturally and convincingly before the reader that uneasy England which greeted Queen Victoria so enthusiastically as heralding a more stable day. But even the shining new queen and her reassuringly domestic prince-consort could not for long silence the ominous undertones of social unrest. In this volume as in the other two, the author has built up slowly and with proportioned care the significant historical background for his English epic. The period he covers is so long and runs off into so many indicative highways and byways that the clarity of social outlook of, say, "The Forsyte Sage," is manifestly impossible. But the turbulence of the times, the indecisions and false starts, as well as the continuous movement towards the present, are all set down to be made of what one can. The Herries history is a picture rather than a criticism of its times, but Mr. Walpole has been neglectful of no important event or trend, and he has set down all his findings. When completed, his series should present a valuable social history of two and one half centuries of a great nation.

Opinion as to the merit of "The Fortress" will very likely run the same divers course as did that which greeted the two earlier volumes. Of "Rogue Herries" Louis Bromfield said, "For me it is the finest of Mr. Walpole's novels and one of the best of our time. I hope and rather believe that my children and grandchildren will be reading it when some of the thin, dry little books are forgotten." Another critic found the same work "theatrical bombast" filled with "heavyhanded eighteenth century mannerisms." While "Judith Paris" was generally conceded to be even better than its predecessor a vocal minority held it to be inferior in both color and virility. And so it will be with "The Fortress." For, if one is out of tune with Mr. Walpole's intention, there are passages of description that will seem both dragged in and dragged out; there are Gothic touches in the apparitions and in the evil powers of one character over another that will seem anachronistic; and the very Herries themselves will seem an improbable brood that could never clutter a planet as realistic as our own. But if you accept Mr. Walpole's pronunciamento on the place of the romantic in life, or if you like a swashbuckling good story for its own sake, or if you like to read about tea taken with that mad little hatter, Hartley Coleridge, or dinner with the sly-eyed, just beginning to be heard of, Mr. Disraeli, then you are not likely to be turned from "The Fortress" because it is not any number of things that it never set out to be.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

PEKING PICNIC. By ANN BRIDGE. *Little, Brown.*
The story of a group of foreigners in Chinese official society who spend a week-end together in the country near Peking. The Atlantic Monthly prize novel.

VAN LOON'S GEOGRAPHY. By HENDRIK VAN LOON. *Simon & Schuster.*
A geography which vitalizes the study frequently so perfunctorily taught and makes excellent reading. A Book-of-the-Month Club and Scientific Book Club selection.

EDUCATION AND THE MODERN WORLD. By BERTRAND RUSSELL. *Norton.*
A discussion of the adjustment of human beings to their environment.

This Less Recent Book:

CONQUISTADOR. By ARCHIBALD MCLEISH. *Houghton Mifflin.*
A long narrative poem recounting the conquest of Mexico.

A Character Novel

OLD MANOA. By GLENN ALLEN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1932. 2.

WITH its comfortable blend of humor and sentiment, this would be a good book to read aloud by bits. It troubles the reader with no problem, and the only idea in it is that life is a good thing and human nature an amusing thing. In short it is an American "character" novel of the "Marse Chan," "David Harum" order. Old Manao is a horse-breeding squire of the blue-grass country with much shrewdness and ability under his indolent and indifferent manner. Lounging beneath his sycamore tree, with his toddy-jug beside him and his negro servant within call, he likes to dream of retirement from active affairs. He will breed no more horses, meddle no more with politics. "Waren't so much sleepin' and settin' down he needed; more like a holiday from bein' pushed to do this and shoved to do that." People have an annoying habit of calling on him for exertion at untimely moments. A well-off bachelor of sixty ought to have sense enough to take things easy. "He had all life could offer—a fireplace to poke and a bedroom window to nail shut in winter. His brother's widow-woman kept house for him. Miss nagged him some and fussed around, but she knew he could be pushed just so far." As for outside bothers, he has done his share for Towhit County; let the young fellows take a turn.

So he ruminates hopefully on his sixtieth birthday. But Towhitt County and his friend Jedge Warmsley have other plans for him. Jedge has got wind of dirty work afoot that may drive him and Old Manoa into private life and cost the County dear. At the head of the plot is a Deacon Shackeltine who strikingly resembles the Wicked Deacon of classic melodrama. For that matter the action that pits him against the Jedge and Old Manoa is pure melodrama, with legal shenanigan, midnight riding, gun-play, and stolen documents all complete. Nor are the young romantic hero and heroine absent from the scene. It is a good enough action for the story-teller's purpose, which is simply to provide a picturesque background for Manoa and the Jedge, it runs along smoothly if a shade perfunctorily to the happy ending, which of course involves confounding the Deacon's knavish tricks, bringing together the young romantic pair, and consolidating the position of the two old cronies.

An amusing yarn that pretends to be nothing more; with much homespun wisdom and earthy humor in it, and a "grand local color" vouched for by no less an authority than Mr. I. S. Cobb of Paducah, Kentucky.

"Two years after Scott's death,' 'says an English periodical, "we find Charlotte Brontë advising Emily. 'For fiction read Scott alone; all novels after his are worthless.' And on another occasion we find her eulogizing Scott's 'wonderful knowledge of human nature,' a quality some modern critics have denied him."

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The BOWLING GREEN

Human Being

XXXIII. THE PAIN

SOMETIMES he had a pain in the upper left corner of his forehead. It was a queer little pain, as though a stitch had been taken through the skin of his brow; and some of the thoughts underneath had been puckered in by mistake. It came most often when he was tired; then it seemed to go a long way in, and shaped like a question-mark; or a fish-hook, for questions also have a barb on the point. Perhaps he was working too hard. There does not seem to be much testimony about his vacations. Miss Mac remembers that he went to Atlantic City one time, for she has a postal card he sent her: a picture of Clabby's Baths, "Salt as the Sea But Safer." On it he wrote: *Clabby is a fine word, sounds just like the feel of a wet bathing suit. It ought to be in the Erskine Dictionary. Regards to all, R. R.*

Does that mean, Hubbard asked, that he bathed in a pool instead of in the surf? Miss Mac had not thought about this. A biographer ought to ask all these questions before his subject puts on silence. She explored her memory. Richard spoke once of the Atlantic City smell, she recalled. A mixture of sea air and molasses candy. If he did go into the surf I'm sure he didn't go out of smell of the popcorn on the Boardwalk. Nature at large didn't interest him; I don't think he really knew it was there.

On his desk at the office, Minnie said, was a little tintype of Gladys, ten years old, taken on a pony on the sand.

That curly stitch in Richard's forehead is a part of the story, Hubbard thinks. Pain and uncertainty are valuable. Lucille, with her own hungers to consider, found nourishment in the child. Life must feed upon something. With the cannibalism of mothers she devoured Gladys entire. Gladys was dressed and undressed, dancing schooled, churched and movied until the whole sky dazzled her through a prism of her own activity. As she grew toward that age of assurance when children realize how much more they know about everything than their parents, Richard was aware of her disdain. It was deliciously complete. In spite of the fact that her mother always forbade reference to any animals as female, under the doctrine that maternity in beasts is disreputable, the Broadway pet-shop caused Gladys to ponder. The sensible candor of the public schools enlightened her further. "I'll bet you don't know anything about sex-cells," she remarked one day to her parents.

Richard, newly aware of loneliness (a queer feeling), became more observant of others. He had got into the habit of watching people on the L and wondering what their problems were, their obscure consolations. Somehow he identified the ache in his mind as a detached and considering part of himself. I wonder what The Pain will think about that, he would say. Silly, yes, but there's more talking to one's self than people realize. Who else is there to talk to, a good deal of the time?

In the office he forgot about The Pain. There was much to do, and everyone seemed cheerful. But they were all so respectful to him. In some mysterious way a fictitious screen shut him off from the others. It wasn't like the old Erskine days when he was one of the gang. He could hear bursts of laughter coming from the Sample Room where Lou Kaskel was perpetrating one of his freaks. Lou had begun his career as a train-boy on the New Haven line, and could still utter the vendor's cry with humorous variations of accent. "Hot coffee, ice cream!" he would call. "Have a fresh shandwich, folks; ham, chicken, and cheese!" Then, with an increasing timbre of appeal, "Cherce cake und rosy apples!" He could render these yells in half a dozen dialects, each perfect in character. But if Richard happened to enter the room, the performance ended. Or if he stopped at Mr. Gall's desk, old Charlie with antique politeness would rise from his chair to reply. Even the understanding Minnie seemed hidden behind a mask of efficiency. He heard squeaks of impromptu farce from the telephone room, but whenever he actually saw Jenny or Peggy, their smooth faces were as demure as oracles. Were the small gaieties of life something that other people lived and himself never?

It occurred to him, having lunch with Mr. Gettleman (who was on an aperient diet) that Minnie's eyes were exactly the color of prune juice. He looked forward to telling her this. But in the office she was so resolutely businesslike that he could not say it. He made a strong start. He pressed the buzzer. "See here, there's something I want to tell you," he said. "Yes, I know," she replied instantly. "Synthetic Bronze made a mistake in that estimate. I phoned Larus, he's sending corrected figures." She laid a pile of letters in front of him. "Here's that report on inventory. The drawings for the Patent Office will be in tomorrow morning." She stood at the end of the flat desk, he could even inhale the clean laundered freshness of her trim attire. But that radiation of cool competence was unassailable. Dark hair, white silk blouse, tweed skirt, were as remote as Diana herself.

There's only one way to get ahead of her, he thought. I'll give it to her in dictation. "Will you take a letter?" he said. She sat opposite him, all poised attention. He watched her lashes, bent downward over the notebook.

"Miss M. E. Hutzler, care Richard Roe Inc.—No, not Inc. Care Richard Roe personal. Dear Minnie . . ."

She looked up, a sudden flash. Was that fright in her bold brown eyes? Before he could know what it was, her pencil was going smoothly on.

"I used to be able to say silly things, but I haven't had a chance for a long time. Maybe I'm getting too grown up. I just wanted to tell you . . . I wanted to say . . ."

It wasn't going to sound nearly as nice as it had in his mind. Minnie's face was very still, her sharp pencil steadily waiting. This was queer stuff to be running out of that long clean-shaven point. Her lashes quivered a little.

"Don't build this damned business up between us. I can't live on synthetic bronze. I need *you*—"

The telephone, mountetd on lazy-tongs close to his ear, burst into a shrill peal of protest. Shocked and frightened, he pulled it toward him. As he answered he saw Minnie slip quietly out of the room. But when he pushed the instrument aside he noticed she had made her only breach in strict routine. She had left her notebook and pencil on the desk. He glanced at the sheets of symbols, each duly crossed through, except the last, where a few lines of hieroglyphics broke off in a smear. The page was wet.

When he looked for her to say goodnight, she had gone.

He cursed himself as a cruel and clumsy fool. Of course Minnie, in loyalty to the business (damn the business) had known best. Probably she had a lover by this time anyway. By her wise discretion all this long while she had saved him from folly.

He was to go to Washington the next day, on business connected with registration of patents. He announced this fact at home; not with his usual air of apology but quite calmly. "You won't be able to do anything without Miss Hutzler," said Lucille tartly. "Why doesn't she go with you?" The irony of this, at the moment, was unbearable. "I daresay she would if I asked her," he said angrily.

In the Pullman he and The Pain had a seat to themselves. It was long since he had had several hours of travel; the dull roar of the car encouraged the small voices of thought to palaver among themselves. He looked with surprise at his own neat clothes, the familiar outline of socks and polished shoes, his hat enclosed by the porter in a paper bag. How orderly and formal those garments were to belong to one whose mind was so shaken. In the same car he saw a parson dressed in black and envied him, supposing (perhaps wrongly) at least he has no perplexities. He would have liked to consult the cleric, laying before him the riddle that seemed so stingingly new: how is it possible to love one and also desire another? But perhaps he knew only too well what answer the minister would give him.

Washington's air of spacious order and virtue is impressive: its heavy Roman façades impose upon the docile-minded twinges of obedience and the citizen conscience. His affairs attended, Richard had a chance for some sightseeing. He scanned for the first time the lengthy inscriptions on the Union Station which express approval of Fire, Electricity, Freedom, and The Farm, Best Home of the Family. (Nothing said about an Apartment.) The poem carved about Freedom might well have been written by Irving Gratz, but Richard thought it excellent:

Sweetener of Hut and of Hall
Bringer of Life out of Naught
Freedom O fairest of all
The Daughters of Time and Thought.

In some unexplained way this doggerel, the impact of Federal statuary, and the mighty dome of the Capitol made him wish to be good. He prayed a small, very confidential prayer about it, and in his quiet evening at the hotel he wrote a long and loving letter to Lucille. He apologized even for errors he had never committed and vowed endless devotion. He mailed it before he went to bed and slept well.

The following day he made some valuable calls on the stationery trade and got back to New York about five o'clock. He telephoned the office to be sure everything was correct, and hurried to the apartment. Lucille was out; "She's playing bridge," said Gladys. "Did Mother get my letter?" he asked. "She didn't read it," chirped Gladys. "She says she's not interested in your letters."

He found the letter, torn in half and unopened, in Lucille's waste-basket. While he was emptying his bag he heard the telephone ring. Gladys answered it. He could tell by something transparently clandestine in the child's reply that she was talking to her mother and receiving some instruction. How saddening is an air of discretion in a child. "Yes, he is," he heard her say. An enormous pity for her moved him. He heard her determined little tread along the passage (how like Lucille's). "Mother be home soon?" he called. There was no answer. If he could just meet Lucille at the front door, put his arms about her, perhaps he could tell her what was in the letter.

Then he heard the front door close softly. A horrid suspicion flashed on him. He hurried to the lobby. Gladys had on her tiny coat and hat: how deliciously composite she was; pathetic little woman to the knee, comic schoolgirl from there down her wrinkly black stockings and scuffed shoes. "You going to meet Mother?" he asked anxiously. She would not answer but kept pressing the elevator bell. "Don't you want me to come with you? I'll buy you both a nice dinner."

She stuck out her tongue at him. The elevator was coming and she felt safe. "We don't want you, you're disgusting." The door of the car opened; with mimic dignity she went out of sight.

A trembling sick anger possessed him. He tried instinctively to allay it with some consoling thought. "Perhaps my grandchildren will like me." But these imaginary grandchildren seemed a long way off. The bottle of whiskey in the sideboard was nearer.

What had he done to deserve the anguish of these miseries? Lucille and Gladys would dine, chattering gayly; they would go to a movie, come home and sleep sound while he agonized in clownish humility. Inside his forehead The Pain twirled in a spot of light, where its dancing feet had rubbed thought smooth and hot.

He had no desire for dinner; he could not bear the idea of a restaurant or even that uptown club of discarded husbands, blissful in the oblivions of billiards and poker. The office was his only asylum. There, in that big triangular room above the city's lights, he would be alone, surrounded by heartening symbols of his only efficiency. He would go over the arrears of his two-days absence and revise the specifications for the new model pen.

Peke scowled at him, but he disregarded it. He found himself hurrying for the L; about to run up the stairs because a train was just coming in. Hold on, he thought; no hurry; I'll take my time. It is *my* time, isn't it? This was so new an idea, it quite absorbed him. He stood on the open platform of the car in cool night air, only half aware of the huge spectacle that ought to make individual pains seem unimportant yet does not quite do so. The long dark trestle carried him over a sea of fire. Curling and blinking flames reached up at him, flickered on the gantries of the L, the grinding wheels ran in seethes of yellow light. The train passed from dim channels into sudden blazes of crude brilliance like open furnaces. He was unmoved. Yet perhaps the glare of so much catering sharpened him unawares. How great a bonfire the savages of New York kindle for their evening meal!

He stopped at a lunch-room for a plate of soup. The counterman was in talkative mood, but Richard found it difficult to reply. "Don't mind my spiel," said the white-coat; "I just feel gabby. Some folks don't like to chin while they eat. Even a dog drops his tail when he's feeding."

The office was dark. Before pressing the electric switch in his own room he stood in the forepeak of the building looking out. Evidently plenty of others were working late: the Metropolitan, the Brunswick, the Fifth Avenue Building, all were seamed with bright windows. The traffic of the great highways streamed past beneath him; lower still, underground, he could imagine the roaring subway trains flashing strings of light. Ferry boats blew hoarsely from the river. Telephone calls threaded their sweet nervous cry through every marrow of the fabric. He could see people loitering on the radial pathways round the fountain. They also were meshed in that huge net of human strain and criss-cross. Along every streak of that burning web tightened obligation, ligature, responsibility. And in all that scene of color and curiosity his instinct yearned for only one small corner, which had turned to bitterness. So strangely domesticated is man, in the wilderness of the world.

The prow of the building seemed swimming uptown. In the delta of Fifth Avenue and Broadway a gulf stream of light broke in washes of phosphor along the ship's tall sides. How beggarly little he had ever known, or inquired to know, of this ocean of living. A small timid career of bargain and bicker, a drudge of trivial goods. He looked up toward Diana, just visible above pale gloom. One such, swift huntress in the dark, had given herself, asking nothing; had strengthened him when he was weak; had been, for a moment, woman and sweet clown; then removed afar, cool goddess of affairs.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

William B. Cairns, teacher of American literature at the University of Wisconsin, who died last month, was continually a member of the English department faculty at the University of Wisconsin from 1893 and had been a professor since 1900. During his thirty-nine years at the university Professor Cairns became internationally known for his writings in research and criticism of American literature and edited many general volumes and textbooks. In 1920 he was a delegate to the conference of British and American professors of English and lectured at British universities.

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Among the Arts

Sienese Art

A HISTORY OF SIENESE PAINTING. By G. H. EDGELL. New York: Lincoln Macveagh, The Dial Press. 1932. $10 net.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER

THIS first extended history of Sienese painting in the English language rests upon some twenty years of lecturing and teaching both in Europe and America. The prevailing note is caution and general good judgment, a just suspicion of evidence solely stylistic, with a corresponding regard for documentary and other historical evidence. The general temperateness of the attitude is commendable, withal it makes for a certain monotony and lack of accent in writing. Indeed the literary impression is entirely comparable with that of Van Marle's volumes covering in part the same theme.

It is a little puzzling to find just the reader the author had in mind. One may guess the objective was the Harvard upper-classman who is supposed to have done considerable reading before coming to the lecture. On no other theory is it easy to explain the omissions of the picturesque and charming inscriptions on many early Sienese paintings, particularly on Simone Martini's great *Majestas*. From this procedure, which is characteristic, the non-academic reader suffers some unnecessary privation.

On the purely critical side, the views are generally just, but without much salience or enthusiasm of expression. Occasionally, as in the comparison of certain themes treated both by Duccio and by Giotto, zeal for the school outruns discretion, the argument being based on comparison of the incomparable. A more penetrating study of Mr. Berenson's admirable parallels between Giotto and Sassetta would have been helpful to the author.

As the expression of Siena's consistently idealizing development, the book deserves all praise for its lucidity and general proportionateness. We note only one important omission. Surely the narratives of the altar front of St. Peter, at Siena, and the fragments from a similar piece at Princeton and in Germany deserve a paragraph, for they show the assimilation of a very refined Byzantine narrative style before Duccio and emphasize his considerable innovations in stage setting.

Barring some venial and harmless misprints there seem to be very few errors. Simone Martini's altarpiece of 1320 at Pisa, is now located over the altar of St. Catherine's. It should be noted that Pietro di Giovanni Ambrosi's double-faced picture in the Jacquemart-Andre is a processional banner, as is Sodoma's St. Sebastian in the Uffizi. No considerate reviewer will stress omissions in a work of this sort. Yet one would welcome a discussion of the few classical subjects in Sienese *cassone fronts* and birth salvers, since they are instructive as to Siena's attitude towards the Renaissance. One also regrets the omission of Girolamo di Benvenuto's *Love Bound by Maidens*, in the Jarves Collection, if only because it shows that painting as etherially exquisite as Sassetta's could still be produced at Siena in the early years of the sixteenth century.

Vigilance accompanies the general cautiousness of this work. The substantive merits of Baccafumi as an expressionistic luminist are for the first time recognized. After all he has generally been slurred for what we regard as meritorious innovation in a Baroccio, which may go to reinforce the truism that no invention must come before its time.

Of contested attributions there is rather more discussion than is palatable in a popular book. But here the author contributes much and generally persuasively. For example, in connection with Simone Martini, he relegates the Madonna of the Palazzo Venezia to Lippo Memmi, stoutly defends the autographic character of the polyptuch at Fenway Court, and declines to accept Van Marle's and Venturi's attributions to Donato. He also discountenances Professor Rowley's more drastic excisions from the work of Ambrogio Lorenzetti. In most of this he seems right, and such sane arbitration of conflicting and often highly subjective views makes the book very interesting reading for a scholar.

On the whole the predestined public for this book seems the college senior, the graduate student, and the scholar who wishes to bring his Sienese data up to date. The layman will find his profit in it also if he will supplement it with something more warmly felt and written, say Douglas's "History of Siena," and Mr. Berenson's classic preface on the subject. On the bibliographical side, the references are abundant and carried in footnotes. The thick octavo volume is well composed and printed though the four hundred illustrations, a very valuable feature, have come rather gray and veiled. Why American block making and printing must remain inferior to that of England and Europe we leave to American publishers to explain. Professor Edgell's fine judgment and scrupulous diligence deserved a better reinforcement on the graphic side.

Days of the Crummles

A HISTORY OF EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY DRAMA, 1800-1850. By ALLARDYCE NICOLL. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1931. 2 vols. $11.

Reviewed by ROSWELL G. HAM
Yale University

WITH the publication of his "Early Nineteenth Century Drama" Professor Nicoll conducts his account of the English stage since 1660 through the fifth volume and the most impenetrable morass that challenged his way. When it is realized that the valuable hand-list of plays in the volume of 1660-1700 contained some 600 titles which here have swollen into a separate volume of over 10,000, and that Professor Nicoll appears to have read a ghastly number of the latter, almost all of the former, and whole packs of the 5,000 or more in the intervening periods, one may pause momentarily in the face of modern research. It is a far-flung battlefield, with its left wing in this case resting on the Bodleian, its center in the British Museum, its right at Harvard, and a distant scouting post in the Huntington Library of California. The career of a scholar in time may resemble that of Captain Cook,—when the University of Manila has finally acquired the records of the Lord Chamberlain's office. Yet in spite of wide excursions—and occasional infelicities of style that may have arisen from too great a mass of material—the book succeeds in being the most readable of the series. Professor Nicoll exhumes a perfect wealth of thrillers from the Surrey-side, a part of what he aptly designates the illegitimate as opposed to the less rapturous legitimate and still-born drama. He drags the depths for incredible puns one moment; the next, allows Master Betty — greatest of child actors—to strut the scene as Hamlet to an Ophelia towering above him. "A sailor falls dead on the deck—Vanderdecken, with demoniac laugh, rises from the sea in blue fire, amidst violent thunder—at that instant the Phantom Ship appears in the sky behind Vanderdecken—and the Crew in consternation exclaim 'Ah! Vanderdecken! Vanderdecken!' as the drop hastily falls."

This early drama, besides its challenge to patience, throws another to the critical understanding. What was it that prejudiced the age in this department of literature alone, when in the novel and the various other branches of poetry there was such sure attainment? Among the mob of playwrights there were names promising enough—Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Browning, Byron, to mention only a few—but it remained for the nameless Moncrieffs and the merely respectable Lyttons and Sheridan Knowles's to attain even the hint of permanence. The theatres were many and popular, the managers apparently hospitable to innovations. In the mass of their plays Professor Nicoll discovers the spiritual ancestors of Robertson, Galsworthy, O'Neill, even Shaw. Among ten thousand one could hardly miss a progenitor or so. Nor were the rewards inconsiderable. Certainly the playwright's pittance has never seriously deterred him from playmaking. The actors too were superb, at least in their chosen province of melodrama and high tragedy, though the limitation may perhaps suggest an answer. There were Kemble and Kean and Elliston of Lamb's idolatry. In the past capable actors had brought forth good acting vehicles; in this period we recall Browning with his "Strafford," written at the request of Macready. Where might have been expected tragedy of true power and insight, we have instead verbosity and interminable

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scenes without progression. Byron, on the other hand, as one of the managers of Drury Lane, presumably should have known his stage. Unhappily he was betrayed by the weakness of most of his narrative poetry, that of merely recreating himself under a dozen names. By their very nature, as Professor Nicoll suggests, there was an unvaried egoism about the great romantics that was destructive of dramatic conflict, and this was allied to a less admirable priggishness that precluded their entering wholeheartedly into the business of the theatre.

Another aspect of the problem is answered by Knowles and Shelley. The dead past was heavy upon them. Theirs was the generation of Hazlitt and Lamb, when worship of the Elizabethans had almost passed reason. By 1800 nearly all the acting versions of Shakespeare's plays had been restored, and it was held that his was the only proper way of writing a tragedy. Thus "The Cenci" and "Caius Gracchus" are at times little more than reverberations of "Macbeth" and "Coriolanus," but at one remove more distant from the concerns of life.

One is inclined to agree with Professor Nicoll that the true vitality of the stage and its promise of development was in the smaller theatres upon the Surrey-side. In melodrama there was enthusiasm and feeling, even on occasion a premonition of social consciousness, as in such a play as Buckstone's "Luke the Labourer." Granted that progress in this field was to be tardy, was not Dickens himself the true offspring of Surrey-side drama? That he knew the strength and weakness of the contemporary stage may be deduced from a rereading of "Nicholas Nickleby." The adventures of the Crummles household before the theatre-going public of Portsmouth, with some account of the infant phenomenon, the glorious Miss Snevellicci, and the rapid-fire playwriting of Nicolas himself, very nearly outlines the more vigorous part of this history. Those chapters from Dickens might well be subjoined as Appendix E.

A Useful Book

MODERN CONTINENTAL PLAYWRIGHTS. By FRANK W. CHANDLER. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1931. $4.00.

Reviewed by MONTROSE J. MOSES

THIS is not a book to put into the hands of a novice desiring to know the main stream of the modern continental drama. It is the summation of an expert's vast reading; it is an encyclopedia of plots, perpetuated upon tightly compressed pages of type, with interstices of biographical fact, and flashes of critical estimates. Weed the plots out, and the book could be reduced to a modest account of forces that have led the modern drama of Europe from its naturalistic and realistic reactions to romanticism, through its moral and psychological phases, to its rabid era of expressionism. And now expressionism seems fated to go!

Professor Chandler has been painstaking to leave no stone unturned; his play reading has been prodigious. How necessary it has been for him to become so intimately familiar with the huge bulk of each dramatist's work is debatable. Certainly, for the general reader a knowledge of only the most distinctive plays would seem desirable. In fact, Professor Chandler himself shows weakness in his "synoptic" fervor. He grants, for instance, that all of Hermann Bahr's plays are not worthy of consideration. How many other plays in his book could thus be readily discarded. For he has undertaken a tremendous sweep of territory. Since 1880 to the present—a period of over fifty years—the theatre has been marked by streams of thought influencing all the continental countries. Each in itself is a separate study, such as one finds in Daniel Mornet's "Histoire de la Littérature et de la Pensée Française Contemporaines (1870-1927)" and in Julius Bab's "Die Chronik des Deutschen Dramas (1919-1926)." Unless, therefore, a student is offered a concise book on social forces in modern drama since the time of Ibsen, tracing succinctly the main streams of thought and technique, it is far better to read each country separately, as we do in the cases of the theatre of England, Ireland, and America. One has to know the field of Professor Chandler's investigations to see the useful character of his book as a work of reference.

If one has the patience to go through it, or the knowledge to skip the unessential detail of it, then the positive and the critical side of "Modern Continental Playrights" comes to the fore. National temperaments are defined, are codified. Writers say "as moral as the English," "as Puritan as the American," "as sophisticated as the Viennese." Professor Chandler suggests these differences, but has no space to discant upon them. And, in the same way, he can only sketch those international interests which serve to draw the theatre stages of Europe, and of England and America as well, closer together. The post-war drama is traced by him adequately though not fully. Only recently a book has considered the subject in a single theme: the dramatists of all countries have dealt with it—the common revolt against war.

Professor Chandler has written a good book suffering from avoirdupois. It is worth having on the reference shelf. It has an exhaustive bibliography. It is an excellent reminder of plots forgotten; but my quarrel with it is that it concerns itself with so many plots deserving to be forgot. Its worthiest character is thus hidden by excess fat.

The Elizabethan Stage

DRAMATIC DOCUMENTS FROM THE ELIZABETHAN PLAYHOUSES. By W. W. GREG. New York: Oxford University Press. 1932. 2 vols. $27.50.

IT would be hard to state too highly the value of this handsome work for the serious student of the old theatre or the editor of Elizabethan plays. Its value is enhanced, if possible, in proportion as such students are remote from London, where most of the documents dealt with are preserved; but neither in London nor elsewhere would one find another guide so competent and acute as Dr. Greg.

The documents analyzed, transcribed, and beautifully photographed are those which reveal the activity that went on behind the scenes of an Elizabethan theatre and show play production as a going concern from the actors' point of view. They are of three classes.

First, Stage Plots; that is, skeleton abstracts on a single manuscript sheet, or sometimes two, posted behind the stage to control the entrances and exits of the actors, the accompanying music or other noises, and occasionally the introduction of stage properties. It is rather surprising that as many as seven examples of this evanescent species are known,—a fortune which we owe mainly to two accidents: that they were pasted on stout cardboard, and that the leading actor of the Lord Admiral's Men, Edward Alleyn, ultimately endowed a boys' school, which thus became the involuntary but effectual guardian through a couple of centuries of his miscellaneous papers. Even so, several of the plots are in a sadly fragmentary state (one has entirely disappeared since the end of the eighteenth century), and unfortunately only one deals with a play of which the text is also extant; but in the right hands they can be made to reveal very important facts about the organization of Elizabethan companies and the methods of production. Dr. Greg's handling of these perplexing relics is altogether masterly, and unless new primary evidence should turn up is likely to stand as definitive and unimprovable.

The second type of document treated, Actors' Parts, is exemplified for the Elizabethan period only by Alleyn's part as Orlando in Greene's dramatic version of Ariosto, and less significantly by the recently discovered part of some, probably provincial, actor who was playing God a decade or two before in a belated mystery play. One, or possibly two, similar papers from the fourteenth century and one (the role of a particular actor in three different liturgical plays) from the fifteenth are known. The Allyn manuscript was originally a roll made by pasting together half-leaves of foolscap paper till they attained a total extent of about seventeen feet by six inches. This contains the speeches and cues of the actor (in much more accurate form than that of the printed play), and when rolled up formed a cylinder only two inches in diameter, convenient for carrying in the hand. Such aid to the memory and the prompter was indispensable in view of the rapid change of repertory on the Elizabethan stage. Dr. Greg has already done critical work of outstanding brilliance on this document, and his present discussion of it and its congeners again approaches finality.

The third variety, Prompt Books, *i. e.*, manuscript texts of plays, annotated for acting, is much more numerously extant, and Dr. Greg modestly offers his careful survey of the existing material only as an introduction and stimulus to further work in the field.

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Foreign Literature

A New Dutch Novel

By HENRIETTE HENDRIX-HOLST

THOSE who have read that great novel, translated from the Dutch, "The Rebel Generation," will be pleased to hear that again Mrs. Jo van Ammers-Kuller has written a kind of sequel, a continuation of the story of the younger generation of the Coornvelts. Like Galsworthy, who sometimes pretends to have done with his Forsytes and then finds that he cannot let them die out, Mrs. Van Ammers, after having created several generations of Coornvelts, must tell us again and again new adventures and episodes of the younger ones.

"The Rebel Generation" gave us that fine picture of woman's emancipation and ended with modern youth, not appreciating the freedom that had been acquired for them at the cost of blood and tears. We became acquainted with the ideal modern woman, beautiful, intelligent, a doctor of law, a member of parliament, the mother of six lovely children, and yet . . . not able to hold the affection of her husband. We met the six children, boys and girls between sixteen and twenty-four, enjoying every possible advantage and yet . . . all unhappy, dissatisfied. There was Puck, the eldest, who had experimented in every phase of life, love, and study, disgusted with herself; there was Elly, the old-fashioned one of the family, engaged to a young doctor, craving a home and babies; there was Kitty, the brilliant student of chemistry, who suddenly gave up her study because she found that the dirty chemicals spoilt her pretty hands and now thought the beauty of her body the only thing that mattered.

We meet them all again in the latest novel by this prolific writer, "The Apple and Eve" (published by J. M. Meulenhoff, Amsterdam, 1932), Puck married to the old friend of her childhood, Han van Doeveren, who came from the Dutch East Indies to claim her; Elly married to her doctor, turning rapidly into the fat, commonplace housewife, living only for the babies; Kitty, living for the cult of the body, devoting her time to the study of rhythmical dancing, and earning her living as mannequin in one of the Fashion Palaces in Paris. And the mother, divorced, lonely, travelling, interested in woman's cause and politics.

Puck and Han are the chief personalities in this story. After five years in the Indies they return to Holland; she could not stand the climate, he gave up his position for her sake. Their future is uncertain, but Puck knows that she can have her old job back, secretary to an influential banker, and she is longing to start work again, to have something important to do after the years of idle married life. On the trip home they meet a young, pretty mother with two children, fleeing from the cruel ogre, who is her husband. She is helpless and in need of advice and financial assistance for her divorce. Han pities her, visits her later in her home, falls in love with her and the children. The remainder of the book is the struggle in him between the old and the new love, the struggle of the young, helpless mother to conquer Han, and the struggle of Puck with herself. The triangle complications of these lives are described most vividly, and as in "Tantalus" by the same author we cannot help feeling deeply for all three parties. But whereas in "Tantalus" the inevitable happened and the married man was seduced by the charms of the newcomer, "The Apple and Eve" shows us that what seems inevitable is not always so: the husband comes back to his senses and realizes that his own wife is after all the better companion for life.

Thus an episode of the eternal war between the sexes is given in a most enjoyable novel. The description of the Fashion Palace in Paris with its remarkable customs and customers takes a large place in the book. And now and again the question rises: When Eve received the apple from the snake, did she give the larger part of it to Adam, thereby imparting more knowledge to Man than to Woman? Or did she keep the larger part herself? And did she know all the time that she would be the richer one, having intuition as well, leaving mere Man with an unimportant balance of physical superiority?

A Sprightly Book

VOLTAIRE CHEZ LES CALVINISTES. By PAUL CHAPONNIÈRE. Edition du Journal de Genève. 1932.

Reviewed by ALBERT SCHINZ

BOOKS like this are rare today, books that have been written at leisure, by men with a remarkable background of refined culture, but in which all traces of an effort and of elaborate erudition have been made successfully invisible. The sentences flow on with a delicate nonchalance and an aristocratic charm, with plenty of humor and wit interspersed at every turn. Of course, a book on Voltaire called for wit; of him, if of any man, one must not write in a pedantic and solemn style.

Add that, for a particular reason, the Voltaire presented here lends himself to a style colored with a touch of irony—indicated in the very title: Voltaire, the light-hearted, the caustic, the cynic, landing one day in the midst of those terribly rigid and austere Calvinists! The encounter is bound to yield some exciting moments; at the very thought of it, we feel like the Calvinistic daughters of Eve, the ladies Tronchin and Gallatin, who, on the day of the arrival of the great wit, concealed themselves behind a curtain to watch and spy what he would do and say.

And indeed the book reads like a good comedy, that ends with little harm to anybody in spite of one threatening catastrophe after another.

At first, everything had gone very smoothly. Voltaire especially, who had just lost some feathers in his terrible scrap with Frederic II in Berlin, and who was a little uneasy, felt delighted with his hosts: "Go to Hell (*allez-vous faire f . . .*) with your Paris; I like it not; I never liked it. . . ." To his physician, the famous Tronchin, he wrote: "I revere your government, I adore freedom, I love retreat; my body needs the physician Tronchin, my mind needs the sort of society one finds in Geneva." Again: "I have never been so happy as I am today." . . .

But, little by little, causes of misunderstanding had arisen, and clouds begun to gather. Finally, the article *Genève*, (in the *Encyclopédie*), inspired by Voltaire to D'Alembert, and in which the ministers of Geneva were represented as having left behind, not only their Christian creed, but even their Calvinistic ethics, created a considerable disturbance of the atmosphere. Never did the skies become perfectly clear after this. Even the victorious intervention of Voltaire in behalf of the persecuted Protestants in the south of France (the "Calas and Sirven affairs"), which, of course, was appreciated in Geneva, could not remove all bad feelings. Still both sides, Voltaire and the Genevese, managed to support each other for almost twenty years; and, as M. Chaponnière says, both gained a good deal by the contact; both needed it—but perhaps the Calvinists even more than Voltaire.

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THIS SIDE OF HELL: Dan Edwards, Adventurer. By *Lowell Thomas*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

EDGAR ALLAN POE. By *Frederico Olivero*. Turén: L'Erma.

PAN CHAO, THE FOREMOST WOMAN SCHOLAR OF CHINA. By *Nancy Lee Swann*. Century. $6.

REMINISCENCES BY THOMAS CARLYLE. Edited by *Charles Eliot Norton*. Dutton. 90 cents.

Drama

HAMLET. By *William Shakespeare*. Edited by *Joseph Quincy Adams*. Study Helps by *Claude Moore Fuess* and *Alan Rogers Blackmer*. Houghton Mifflin. 68 cents.

TWO AFRICAN PLAYS. By *R. E. Lloyd*. Longman's, Green. $2.

EIGHT FAMOUS ELIZABETHAN PLAYS. Edited by *Esther Cloudman Dunn*. Modern Library. 95 cents.

Fiction

THE RED CASTLE MYSTERY. By H. C. BAILEY. The Crime Club. 1932. $2.

If all detective stories were as good yarns as this the mystery tale would be sure of undiminishing popularity. But to be as good as this all writers would have to be Mr. Baileys. They would all have to have a gift for narrative as happy as his, as fresh and fertile a fancy, as wise a regard for the plausibilities of plot, and as sprightly a pen at character drawing. And most of them don't, more's the pity.

But to get down to "The Red Castle Mystery." It's an ingenious and baffling story the greater part of whose action revolves about the drama which plays itself out in and around Luel Castle, where the theft of a silver cup is followed by the disappearance of the boy heir whose fate is predicted in the goblet's inscription:

Gyf the Luel grail shall yield
No sonne Luel sworde shall wield.

Battle, murder, and sudden death follow quickly upon the raid on the castle's treasure. Yet Mr. Bailey is not one to pile horror upon horror merely to arouse shudders. Nor does he draw red herrings across the trail. His story moves to a finish, sustaining suspense without the introduction of unnecessary incident or clues devised merely to confuse the reader. It is lively, entertaining, and tense. And Mr. Bailey's expert criminologist, Joshua Clunk, who pursues his way through complications to the accompaniment of snatches of revivalist hymns and a frequent munching of sweets, and Joshua Clunk's smart young assistant Hopley, an engaging and amusing youth with a quick tongue and ready humor, are persons worth meeting.

THE GAP IN THE CURTAIN. By JOHN BUCHAN. Houghton Mifflin. 1932.

John Buchan cannot tell even an incredible story incredibly. That is, we believe, because he makes his characters actual human beings, building up their actuality by such deft and discerning details that when he is ready to turn them loose into his plot the reader is prepared to accept their behavior as the reasonable behavior of such persons. "The Gap in the Curtain" is a fantastic yarn, as fantastic in its way as some of H. G. Wells's early work.

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THERE IS A TIDE. By PERCIVAL WILDE. Harcourt, Brace. 1932. $2.

Mr. Wilde would have accomplished more if he had attempted less. His book, though unified by reference to the life of Horace Trundell, is an omnibus rather than a novel; parts of it are very good, but their effect on the reader is largely nullified by injections of material distinctly less good. The first section, and on the whole the best, is the history of Horace Trundell's rise from boyhood in a decadent Connecticut village to the presidency of Federated Utilities, Inc.—a story half satiric and half compassionate. Section Two takes up Horace Trundell's father-in-law, George Cushing, and his career as a Florida realtor from small beginnings in Jacksonville in the late 'seventies to his death in the Miami hurricane of 1926. Naturally there has to be some account of the Miami boom, and here Mr. Wilde quotes extensively, with credit, from T. H. Weigall's "Boom in Paradise." Granted that Weigall is the best man to quote on that topic, these long excerpts

(*Continued on next page*)

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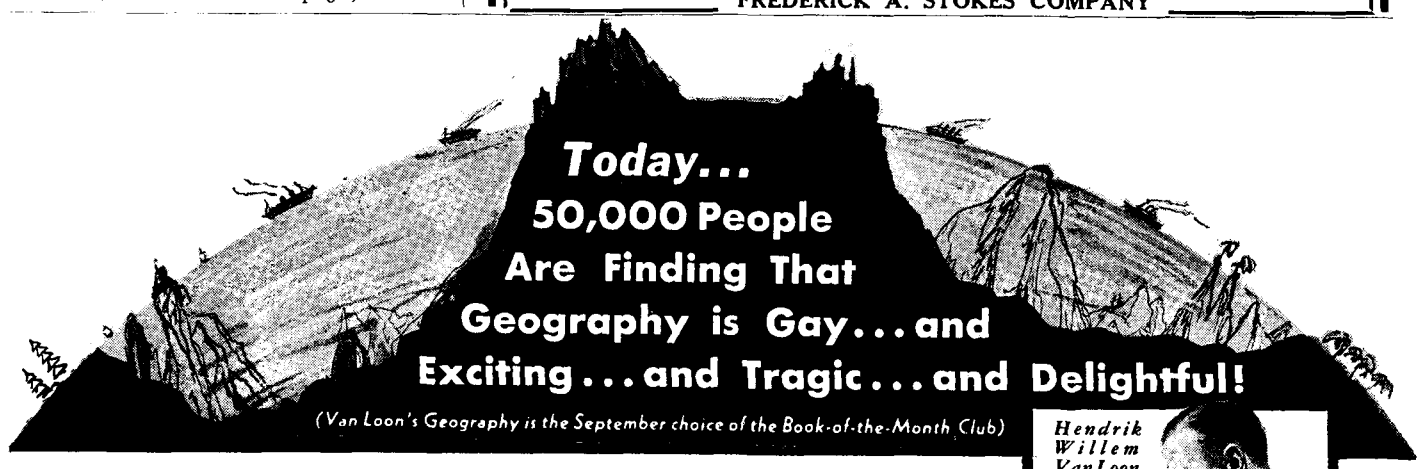
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(Van Loon's Geography is the September choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club)

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After 1870 the Paraguayans had to revert to polygamy to get their country repopulated. *Page 492.*

Australia's trouble is rabbits. *Page 397*

The greater part of our bill-of-fare is of Asiatic origin. *Page 290.*

A change in the fashion of wearing corsets was directly responsible for our knowledge of the Arctic. *Page 174.*

During the Middle Ages, when people went travelling they took out their window panes and put them in a safe. *Page 193.*

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The New Books

Fiction

(Continued from preceding page)

and the résumé of history give this section somewhat of the flavor of a hasty newspaper rewrite. There is further the account of Mrs. Trundell's career as a plagiaristic poetess published at her own expense, which may be true to life but is likely to impress the reader as crude caricature; and some not very interesting chapters on the alcoholic flounderings of Horace Trundell's children and his own downfall. In the end Trundell came to the conclusion, with which the author seems to agree, that everything would have been different if he had married the right woman; but it seems unlikely that so deeply pigmented a leopard could have changed his spots merely by mating with a different leopardess.

Much of this farrago will bore you, but much is veracious and entertaining; Mr. Wilde has some shrewd comments on the decadence of New England villages and on the building up of Florida. Especially is he valuable as a historian working in that not very familiar field, Florida before the boom; he makes you appreciate the truly colossal effort that had to be expended on this barren strip of sand before it could become the raw material for a realized vision of paradise; and in George Cushing he has faithfully drawn the typical developer—resilient and undissuadable, making optimism serve for honesty; a man who did much evil which is interred with his bones while the good that he did lives after him. The monument of the George Cushings is the habitable Florida of today.

THE MATCH KING. By *Einar Thorvaldson.* Macaulay. $2.
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THE LAST OF WISDOM. By *Eleanor Chase.* Sears. $2.
ISLAND GIRLS I LOVED. By *Bassigny Gerrard.* Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
OBLOMOV. By *Ivan Alexandrovitch Goncharov.* Dutton. 90 cents.
JONATHAN WILD. By *Henry Fielding.* Dutton. 90 cents.
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GOVERNMENT—NOT POLITICS. By *Franklin D. Roosevelt.* Covici-Friede. $1.
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THE PURCHASE OF THE DANISH WEST INDIES. By *Charles Callan Tansill.* Johns Hopkins Press. $3.50.
COQUETRY FOR MEN. By *Horace Corn.* New York: Arrow Press. $2.
GREEN GROW THE LILACS. By *Lynn Riggs.* French. 35 cents.
THE LURE OF THE CLOCK. By *D. W. Hering.* New York University Press.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD? By *Wilhelm Roepke.* Dorrance. $1.25.
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AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN SWORDS IN THE HISTORICAL COLLECTION OF THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM. Smithsonian Institution.
UNITED STATES REFERENCE PUBLICATIONS. 1932 Supplement. Compiled by *Jerome Kerr Wilcox.*
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THE FOUNDING OF AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES BEFORE THE WAR. By *Donald G. Tewksbury.* New York: Teachers College, Columbia University.
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NOUVEAU LEXIQUE. By *H. N. Adair.* Scribners. $2.50.

Notes of a Rapid Reader

We have all heard of the picturesque and valuable work of the district nurses in the southern mountains which have already supplied material for several novels. Ernest Poole has written a description called *Nurses on Horseback.* (Macmillan, $2.50) * * * Bassigny Gerrard an ex-artist, an excellent photographer, French at least in origin, visited the lovely island of Bora-Bora in the South Seas where Polynesian life is still not primitive but at least not utterly spoiled. His adventures there, mostly amorous, are retailed in *Island Girls I Loved* (Harcourt, $3.50) a book of very considerable charm and with descriptions which are the fruit of a well trained and observant mind resulting from experiences esthetic as well as sensuous. This is certainly among the better books about the South Seas. * * * We should note also a book recording the results of an extraordinary clinical examination, scientifically controlled and elaborate and highly specific in its information. *A Thousand Marriages: A Medical Study of Sex Adjustment,* by Robert L. Dickinson and Lura Beam has a foreword by Havelock Ellis and is published here by Williams and Wilkins Company, Baltimore, Md., sponsored by the National Committee on Maternal Health. It is a technical book primarily intended for medical readers but there is so much immensely important human material in its researches that it should be recorded in this magazine.

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Points of View

"I Rise to Remark"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I suppose every once in a while almost everybody who reads *the Saturday Review* feels impelled to write a letter to the Editor, because of something he has encountered in its pages. There is always something, you know, bound to produce that effect. Mostly, I imagine, these impulses are repressed and so the Editor never knows anything about them. Which is perhaps as well, as he is thereby spared many inflictions which, even though the editorial capacity must necessarily be unlimited, would without doubt increase the tedium of his task.

As a rule, therefore, I make manful and successful efforts at repression. But sometimes they fail. This is one of those instances and in consequence I find myself punishing my Underwood.

Firstly. In the very readable "leader" on Barrie, by Arthur Colton, in a recent issue, I find it stated that "there were two early plays, apparently not successful, 'The Professor's Love Story' (1895) and 'The Wedding Guest' (1900)."

Shades of Thespis! I have been waiting for Professor William Lyon Phelps to be heard from, but as he remains silent, I will have to substitute (a very poor one) for him.

"The Professor's Love Story" apparently unsuccessful! Why, the mere mention of its name will bring a happy reminiscent glow to a host of playgoers of the Gay 'Nineties, whose memories of it are of the fondest description. It was played with memorable success, on both sides of the Atlantic, by the late E. S. Willard, at that time the most popular and successful British actor who devoted himself to "polite comedy." It was given to crowded houses, as I recall it, wherever it was produced and considered a choice morsel of its kind. In the company assembled to support Willard for the American production, the feminine lead was played by Miss Marie Burroughs, at that time a vision of loveliness and one of the most expert comediennes of her day; and the performance, as given by Willard, of the enamored professor, and his inamorata, as given by Miss Burroughs, was applauded in that remote—and now apparently forgotten—period as one of the most delectable of things theatrical. Today, of course, it wouldn't make the grade. Even the sub-debs and the sophomores would find it naive and futile, the wisdom of the world having enormously increased in the intervening decades, together with the equally enormous improvement in taste. However, of one thing you may be sure. If the now-ennobled author has preserved the records of his royalties, they will be found to show that "The Professor's Love Story" did its bit in setting him up financially.

Secondly. In another recent issue I find a review of a recent book on Hugh Thomson, which is entitled "A Skilled Entertainer" and is contributed by William M. Ivins, Jr. Mr. Ivins is an authority upon such subjects as illustration, I believe, while I can pretend only to an obscure position in the ranks of those who used to enjoy illustration before it died an unnatural death—making it necessary, nowadays, if one desires to collect, or even to own, cherishably-illustrated books, to acquire, as a rule, those published when we were very young. Or, at least, considerably younger than we now are.

After reading what Mr. Ivins has to say—in his urbane and kindly and indulgently condescending way—I have become conscious of an uncomfortable feeling. I have quite a considerable number of illustrated books of which I am fond, bearing the signatures of illustrators of all kinds and many different nationalities. Among them are quite a few with pictures by Hugh Thomson. And, as I say, I had always been fond of them, in a perfectly carefree, confiding, and innocent sort of way. But now I can be so no longer. Hugh Thomson, Mr. Ivins tells me, was not "a draughtsman of merit." Alack and alas!—he "never learned to construct a figure or to draw a valid hand, or foot, or face." Awful, isn't it! But that is not all. "None of his figures has any weight or solidity" (Query: If this be true, what, oh what, is to be said of those of Eric Gill?). And to descend still farther into the depths, "Composition was something of which he had not the faintest conception."

I look sorrowfully at the volumes I have been pulling down, bearing the legend, "Illustrated by Hugh Thomson," and a feeling of sadness comes o'er me that is akin to pain. Poor Hugh Thomson! Poor me! Here for y'ars and y'ars, ever since, in fact, the Elegant 'Eighties, when "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways," which is dated 1888, came out, I have been, in an unimpassioned but nevertheless sincere way, a worshipper at the Thomson shrine. Only to find out, in the chill day that has succeeded his departure, that this attitude definitely classifies me as—must I write it?—one of those "well-educated, inartistic people of all kinds" whose tastes, in illustration, are preoccupied with the "surface of life" and, while "false to thought and fact" are "true to sentimentality and artificiality."

What shall I do to be saved? Must all my Thomson books go into the garbage can? Dare I run the risk of leaving them exposed to the view of all and sundry who, penetrating the nooks where they nestle, will henceforth cast haughty glances upon them and, at the same time, size me up as one of those etc., etc.? Mr. Ivins intimates, in none too indirect a way, that "the verdict," after all the important witnesses have been examined and their testimony weighed, is "all against everything that Thomson did," despite the fact that it "gave keen pleasure to a very large number of the nicest people in the world." You observe what he says—it is everything, everything. Nothing is held out. The condemnation is complete. Nor is there a particle of consolation for me in the fact that I do not and never did figure among the nicest people in the world. Far, far from it.

You will therefore understand, dear Mr Editor, the surging nature of my emotions and the unsuccessfulness of my efforts to repress them, which have resulted in this communication. Truly I never thought it of Hugh Thomson. In fact I never dreamed of it! Not until Mr. Ivins had revealed the awful, blasting, humiliating truth, even though he has adorned it with many kindly expressions and almost-palliating facts.

There is only one thing that I find it difficult to reconcile with his other statements. That is Mr. Ivins's characterization of Thomson as "a skilled entertainer." How, oh, how, could he be a skilled entertainer, when he could not draw; could not compose; and could not make a picture? For just those things were what he was paid to do—and not only paid, but supposed to. No amount of "gentle comedy in a profusion of pretty clothes and nice old-fashioned things" could have put him over, could it, were that the case? No—there must have been something else. Is it possible that Mr. Ivins has overlooked something? Or that he has failed to perceive it?

Mr. Ivins, as I said before, is an authority, and I am the reverse. So I feel my temerity in venturing to address the Editor in this matter. I feel that I ought—that I really ought—not to disagree with Mr. Ivins. And yet I do. The main reason for this is also a sufficient one, it being that I am neither well-educated, nor inartistic, nor nice. Therefore I wish to say that many of Hugh Thomson's illustrations are well-composed and well drawn, and that he could make a picture which has a special individuality of its own and a quality of life. That many of his figures have weight or solidity— especially his figures of horses, of which he was a master—and his landscapes were often delicious. Probably he knew this himself and that was one thing that made his life the happy one which Mr. Ivins describes. Well, it should have been for he deserved it. We are assured by the most learned propagandists that neither art nor illustration (it is still a matter of debate, I understand, whether illustration is or is not art) can be didactic. Their mission is not to teach, but to give pleasure to the beholder. Thomson gave a great deal of it—and, quite possibly, to persons of other classifications than those enumerated in Mr. Ivins's review. So having thought it all over, I have determined to hold onto those Thomson books a bit longer. When they go into the garbage, it will be at the hands of either the liquidator or the heirs-at-law, but not those of,

JOHN HERVEY.

4641 Dover Street, Chicago.

BERNARD SHAW has given £1,988, part of the proceeds of the publication of the letters between himself and Ellen Terry, to the Ellen Terry Memorial Fund.

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THEY WINTER ABROAD

by James Aston

the pseudonym for an author who has already been "identified" in England as Evelyn Waugh, Richard Hughes, Norman Douglas, David Garnett, Eric Linklater, Aldous Huxley and others. $2.50

THE VIKING PRESS : NEW YORK

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed for the summer to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton Street, London, S.W. 3. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

B. E. W., Towanda, Pa., asks for books dealing with the White Russian movement, particularly in the early stages. "Histories and novels covering the Red side seem to be plentiful, but I am unable to locate any on the opposite side."

THOUGH comparatively speaking few in number, White Russian histories and even novels arise in high places and come from headquarters: three generals supply the best of them. "The White Army" (Cape) is by General Denikin himself, a complete record of military operations between Whites and Reds, nobly told, with maps. General Wm. S. Graves in "America's Siberian Adventure" (Cape) tells why the United States sent troops to Siberia and kept them there for two years. These books are of prime importance as material for world history, and neither can be read unmoved by anyone interested in human nature.

Another general, Peter Krasnov, supplies the characteristic fiction of the movement: a born writer of thrillers, he is also a mystic whose belief that White Coats will still somehow save the Russian soul gives emotional continuity to the long volumes of his trilogy of the counter-revolution, opening with "From Double Eagle to Red Flag" (Duffield). In its third volume, "The White Coat," the dream of release from Soviet rule was reinforced by data intended to prove that the Reds had failed. General Krasnov has tapped the reservoir of Russian history more than once to the high approval of American boys, especially in "Kostia the Cossack" (Duffield), in the seventeenth century, and "Yermak the Conqueror" (Duffield), in the time of Ivan the Terrible.

The White Army appears through less sympathetic eyes in Boris Philnyak's Soviet novel "The Naked Year" (Brewer, Warren & Putnam), in which it burns and devastates villages through the terrible days of 1921. The "other side" to which the inquirer refers, that is, the victims of the social revolution, is also represented by the novel through which an outsider can probably get the nearest to an impartial view—certainly a lucid and convincing one—of the rising revolutionary tide gradually overwhelming the classes of society least likely to plunge of themselves into such a flood: "Quiet Street," by M. Ossorgin (Dial). The author is a noble, banished but not bitter. "The Dogs," by Ivan Nazhivin (Lippincott), gets an added effect of impartiality by showing the events attending the downfall of the aristocracy and the crash of the old régime as seen through the eyes of dogs owned by the parties concerned—a method more than once attempted but seldom brought off with such success as in this picture of life on the great estates.

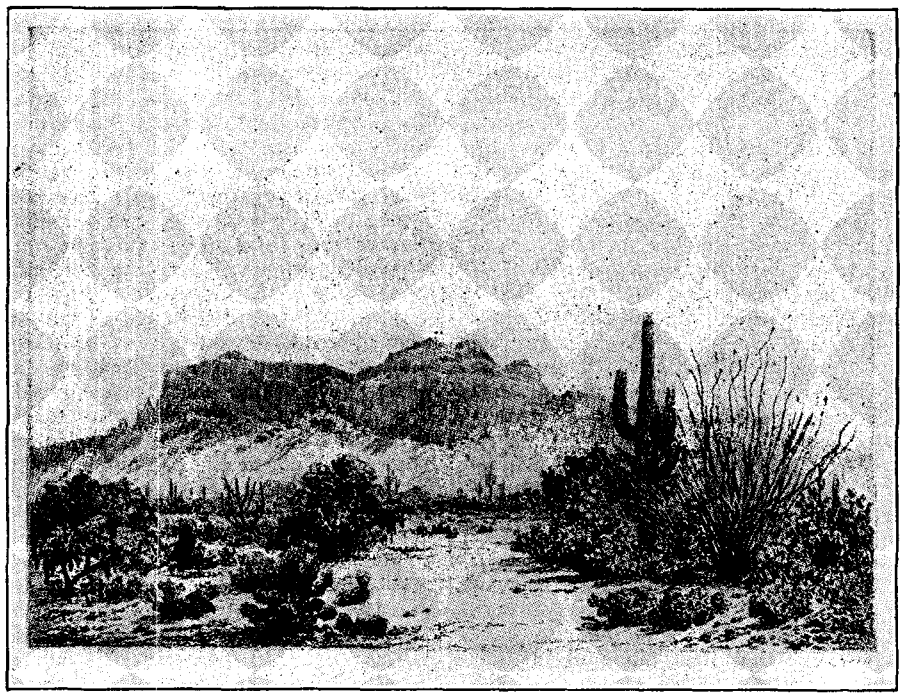
R. F., Buffalo, N. Y., asks for books to improve one's vocabulary. Read "Your Language," by E. C. Cline (Appleton), a little book meant to induce in a young reader the respectful admiration for his own tongue that will put him into the right frame of mind for using words that however old are new to him. For improving a vocabulary means not only knowing but actively using more words, in speech or in writing, preferably the former, than the meagre outfit some of us stretch to cover the needs of the mind. Unfortunately such a talker soon finds that he need not stretch his vocabulary: his mind will have shrunk to fit.

"Words Confused and Misused," by M. H. Weseen (Crowell), is one of the latest of the handy guides to everyday usage: its arrangement is practical and it is not too large to affright a beginner. Of course the contemporary classic is Fowler's "Modern English Usage" Oxford University Press) the spiciest, snappiest, and safest of books about the use of English words to-day in talking or writing. As a parlor amusement Fowler has still power to charm, though the book is no longer the topic of general conversation on both sides of the Atlantic, that it was for weeks in the year it came out.

Wrenching myself away from the subject of Weekely's "Etymological Dictionary" (Dutton), I can work off some of my admiration for this work on his other books, such as "More Words Ancient and Modern" (Dutton), "Adjectives and other Words" (Dutton), and perhaps best of all for a beginner, "Cruelty to Words" (Dutton), the latest of a long, ingratiating list. "Adjectives" has a fine chapter on the completion of the great Oxford Dictionary —of which I hear a summarized version is to be expected. Ernest Weekley can rouse as much excitement over words as over mystery stories, and make one remember them longer. His small history, "The English Language" (Cape), is a model of brevity and lucidity.

found; the little pages are half pictures in color, with corresponding brief descriptions. For the stars, get the "Field Book of the Skies," by W. T. Olcott and E. H. Putnam (Putnam), which can be used with field glasses or small telescopes; it is for beginners, but it takes them quite a way along the starry road. It would be worth while, if the family is interested in the subject, to get also the vivacious introduction to it by William Maxwell Reed, "The Stars for Sam" (Harcourt, Brace), a juvenile not too young for any member of the family, with fine pictures.

Aztecs, Mayas, and Incas appear in the latest of the books on pre-historic America, "Columbus Came Late," by Gregory Mason (Century), a fascinating work for the general reader. The inquirer would also be interested in Lewis Spence's "Magic and Mysteries of Mexico" (McKay) and in A. H. Verrill's "Old Civilizations of the New World" (Bobbs-Merrill).



SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN, ARIZONA BY A. L. GROLL.
From "Contemporary American Prints" (American Art Dealer's Association).

I. R., Seligman, Arizona, has lately come West and needs books about several phases of the country: a fairly elementary book on geology that would help one to understand rock-formations in this part of the United States, one for a speaking acquaintance with the stars, a compact flower-guide for the Western States, and a small pocket-guide to birds. Her husband is interested in primitive tribes of the Southwest and has heard many legends of a small white race driven down to the wilds of Mexico from this section: books on pre-Indian inhabitants of this country, especially the Aztecs, would be appreciated. "Old Mother Earth," by K. F. Matin (Harvard University Press), is a brief beginning to the study of geology, happily written and inciting to further study. "The Earth and its Rhythms," by Charles Schuchert and C. M. Le Vene (Appleton), is a larger work, well illustrated and likely to give even a reader not hitherto interested a strong taste for this branch of natural science. Neither of these is adapted only or specially to Arizona; the only book devoted entirely to this section that I know is one much larger: "Physiography of the Western United States," by Nevin M. Fenneman (McGraw-Hill), which includes geology; it treats the surface forms of all states west of the eastern limit of the Great Plains. Mineral deposits of the West, which do not enter largely into Mr. Fenneman's book, are treated at length in the "Economic Geology" of Heinrich Ries (Wiley).

The flower-book called for is "Western Flower-Guide: Wild Flowers of the Rockies and West to the Pacific," by Charles F. Saunders (Doubleday, Doran) which includes Arizona flowers in the smallest and most practicable shape for field use. This is one of a series of field-books in which also the bird book needed will be found; the little pages are half pictures in color, with corresponding brief descriptions. For the stars, get the "Field Book of the Skies," by W. T. Olcott and E. H. Putnam (Putnam), which can be used with field glasses or small telescopes; it is for beginners, but it takes them quite a way along the starry road. It would be worth while, if the family is interested in the subject, to get also the vivacious introduction to it by William Maxwell Reed, "The Stars for Sam" (Harcourt, Brace), a juvenile not too young for any member of the family, with fine pictures.

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C. M. M., Lewistown, Montana, writes: "I have just noticed your reply to C. E. M.'s request for information regarding the publication of McGuffey's Readers. Henry Ford has had published exact duplicates of the original 1857 edition. The set, comprising six books, is valued at fifteen dollars but is given to libraries if requested. I do not know what his terms are to individuals. I have a set of the original edition, and the duplication is perfect."

Nard Jones, author of the novel "Oregon Detour," writes: The enquiry of *T. M., Washington, D. C.* for books of cultural changes in the small town in the last fifteen years was on a subject in which I've always been vastly interested. A later facet, which you'll possibly want to pass on to T. M., is the retrenchment in the past three years in the small town in agricultural communities. The Colonial "town houses" of the ranchers are board-and-room places, and the farmer, driven by the banker in many instances, has returned to the glebe. The change has been swift and full of interest. For the time being, at least, the Western rancher has stopped trying to take too much from the soil.

"I haven't had time to get this into a novel as yet, and it's still rather close, but T. M. may be interested in the 1932 'Folk-Say' soon to be issued by the University of Oklahoma Press. This contains 'They Shall Return' a series of sketches in which I have tried to depict this movement. I've no doubt that other stories and contents in 'Folk-Say' may treat of it too."

A. M. D. writes from a summer home in Peacham, Vermont, to say that the advice on gardening books which I relayed to her from authorities in Philadelphia has proved just the thing. "My friends at the Dunster House Bookshop located 'The Seasons in a Flower Garden' very quickly; a third edition, completely revised, was issued by Scribner in 1926, which confirms Mrs. Hurlburt's high opinion of it. The price is also very comforting—two dollars. Most flower books seem to run around ten dollars because of the colored plates. I'm glad to know that it is possible to have some sort of garden in spite of a three month's summer absence—I can plant for spring and late fall and leave it to the bugs for the rest of the time."

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New York Evening Post, New York City

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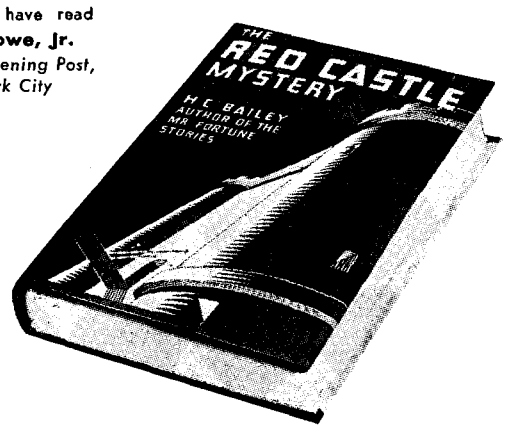

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News from the States

What the SATURDAY REVIEW *most desires for this department is the pithy paragraph upon some significant matter, whether in relation to authors' activities, bookselling activities and problems, the trend of reading in a particular territory, or allied matters. Bookseller's anecdotes will be welcomed. It is our aim to furnish a bird's-eye view of reading and writing America which will prove valuable both to our subscribers and to the book-world at large. We hope that our subscribers will submit items from time to time.*

CALIFORNIA

The following is furnished anonymously from paradisal Carmel, at the Continent's end:—Robinson Jeffers was planting rocks. As I deflected my promenade and watched him, it occurred to me that we might get acquainted. Wildflowers were out, and I picked my way coyly in the direction of the quarry. Did I look like Ophelia, and would he smile? (Ophelia, crazy girl, would have had more sense!) Here were the wooden staves that brought me into speaking distance. I started. Might I trespass, please, and get some more pretty lupins? Jeffers was brief, not unkindly. I started again. Wasn't he the man who wrote "Dear Judas?" He had written "Dear Judas." Briefer. Which was his favorite book, his very own precious one, and would he please be personal? Robinson Jeffers trimmed a boulder with his left knuckle. "I am busy," he answered. "Will you please begone?" In this pass, I claim automatic control. I waited until it said, "If ever you run out of rocks, Mr. Jeffers, stick your head in the cement." A threatening rift fell from his eyes, and that boulder seemed poised for admonition. Ophelia found interest in lupins such as were tangent to the path of defeat.

ILLINOIS

Earl W. Browning, Librarian of the Peoria Public Library reports upon an interesting experiment with books on Mexico:—I selected five of our recent representative books on Mexico and traced, as far as our records would permit, every person who borrowed them. The books were "Old Mother Mexico" (Houghton Mifflin, 1931), "Mexico, A Study of Two Americas" (Macmillan, 1931), "Stout Cortez," (Century, 1931), "Prologue to Mexico" (Knopf, 1931), and "Mexico and Its Heritage" (Century, 1928). Some of our patrons motor to Mexico every winter. "Mexico and Its Heritage," according to my tabulations seems to have been used more for study purposes than the other books on the list. The borrowers of "Stout Cortez" contributed at least one surprise, the inclusion among them of a switchman! *Stuart Chase's* "Mexico," possibly because of the many reviews and generous advertising, as well as the author's reputation, had a greatly varied list of readers. My tabulated lists give the impression that the wives do most of the reading, yet it often happens that the books later are read by both husband and wife or the whole family.

Although the books I chose are more than a year old, three of them, "Mexico," "Old Mother Mexico," and "Prologue to Mexico," are still in demand and the other two are used less frequently. Within motoring distance of the center of population of these United States are to be found the remains of a civilization comparable to that of early Egypt, and recent and forthcoming discoveries plus good roads and increasing publicity are sure to increase the already growing demand for reliable information concerning this ancient nation to the south of us. Isn't it an opportunity for book sales worth studying?

(Mr. Browning's tabulation of those who drew out the books he mentions from the local library will be furnished on request.)

KANSAS

Edith D. Hertzler brings us this library news from the Middle West:—Browsing around in the Wichita public library the other day, I talked a few moments with one of the librarians regarding the kind of books in demand at present and unearthed the interesting information that several months ago in response to a request from the Syrian Colony in Wichita, for books in Arabic, forty volumes were purchased. These have been in constant demand since their arrival. The librarian further stated that history, biographies, and autobiographies are called for more than formerly. Also books on economics, and that women readers ask for books on dressmaking and men for books on simple carpentry.

MINNESOTA

Paul C. Hillestad furnishes this from the Northwest:—

A note of distinct encouragement to the rare book trade was sounded a short time ago by *Leonard H. Wells,* the well-known book collector and dealer of Powers Mercantile Company, Minneapolis. In a recent conversation with the writer he stated that, although conditions are not normal, he is far from discouraged with the business he has done this summer. In March he imported from England a shipment of old and rare books and fine bindings. Sales, he reports, have been very satisfactory indeed, a fact duly attested by the liberal use of the heartwarming "Sold" stamp in the file copy of the catalogue. Mr. Wells is, in the finest sense, a "personal" bookseller, in constant touch with the inclinations of his patrons. Many of the finest private libraries of the West have been built through his personal interest and sound judgment. There are few bookmen in the Twin Cities who are not familiar with the treasures to be found in the Rare Book Room at Powers, where Mr. Wells has presided with gusto and fine discrimination for over thirty-seven years.

In the field of historical research, worthy of special comment is the work of the Norwegian-American Historical Association, formally organized in 1925 following the Norse Centennial celebration, held in St. Paul. In addition to maintaining a Norse-American Museum of national rank at Luther College, Dedorah, Iowa, the work of the Association includes annual publication of "Norwegian-American Studies and Records," of which six volumes have been issued to date. The work of the Association can not but be of great value in building up the historical background of the Northwest.

NEBRASKA

Helen Geneva Masters, slightly satirical, instructs us from even further toward the Coast:—In Omaha we are busy "getting the world its breakfast," and of late impatient for the world to seize the menu, give a table d'hote order, eat, and pay its bill. But we have our avocations. After the corn is hoed, the milking done, and after the Indians are chased away for the evening, some of us naturally take the path to moviedom and some of us remain in our soddies and chew the bitter philosophic cud (a dairy state speaking!) with Eugene O'Neill or Aldous Huxley. Others, notably an increasing number of our young people, and especially those registered in Creative Writing at Central High School, proceed to fashion triolets, rondeaux, ballades, sonnets, cinquains, narrative verse, imagist verse, free verse, short stories, plays, and sketches.

Roundabout Omaha the desire for economic salvation seems to have dissipated all fear of summer brain-fag. Even at this moment in mid-July with the mercury threatening 98, if we have the money we are buying Salter's "Recovery," Beck's "Our Wonderland of Democracy," Lippmann's "The United States in World Affairs," Glenn Frank's thunder book, or, since we think highly of Mr. Beard, "America Faces the Future," and if we don't have the money, we are adding our names to the already long line of registrants at the Public Library. And I note that the book stores still find it profitable to keep Mr. Adams's "Epic of America" in stock.

UTAH

Madeline Reeder contributes the following personalities from the State of the Mormon empire:—*Miss Ruth Harwood* has taught art in Utah, New Mexico, and California. She has appeared in numerous magazines with cover designs, illustrated articles, and poems. She recently finished the illustrations for a book of poetry by Ruth St. Denis to be brought out this autumn by Houghton Mifflin. She employs an interesting technique developed for the most part during a year in Paris. Last winter she designed stage settings and did other work in design at Denishawn House. She is now in Berkeley, California, working on illustrations for a book of her own.

Another Utahn sojourning in California this year is *Major Halvor G. Coulter,* a West Point graduate and teacher there, who was a member of General Pershing's staff during the World War. A number of the Major's plays have been produced at the Pasadena Playhouse, at the Egan in Los Angeles, and elsewhere. The much-famed and much-maligned Los Angeles producer of *Lysistrata* may take over his new play, a satire on racketeering and the Great American Reformer.

Sister M. Madeleva is president of the College of St. Mary-of-the-Wasatch in Salt Lake City. She is a well-known poet also, with a new book of poems about to be published, and is also planning two books on early and middle English literature. Appleton publishes her books. She has a thick-knotted thorn walking stick named Michael.

F. B. De Voto, father of *Bernard De Voto,* remembers and lived much of the history in his son's books. The two that are particularly rich in the history of this state are "The House-of-Sun-Goes-Down" and "The Crooked Mile." Mr. De Voto was a member of the old Liberal Party which helped secure the vote for non-Mormons. He saw the railroads built, the copper mines developed,—in a word, the growth of the West.

Vardis Fisher left the University of Utah last winter to spend the time writing on his ranch in Ririe, Idaho. He is a member of the summer school staff of the University of Montana this year. While in Utah Mr. Fisher published "Sonnets to an Imaginary Madonna," and wrote part of "Dark Bridewell."

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SIX-MONTHS' square-rigged 1100-ton clipper ship cruise from Boston, November 5th. Early winter in Mediterranean. Several stops down west coast of Africa to Capetown. Returning via St. Helena. Cost $550. No women. Experienced officers. Members party assist professional sailors in full crew. S. T. Henry, Spruce Pine, N. C.

ERNEST—You ask what *would happen if* the Socialist party won control of the government. In Laidler's SOCIALIST PLANNING AND A SOCIALIST PROGRAM, 30 socialist leaders, including Norman Thomas, Harry W. Laidler, Stuart Chase, R. M. Lovett, Louis Waldman, James H. Maurer, and R. G. Tugwell, tell you. A great book for a "protest" voter like you to read right now. Ask for it at your library or buy a copy at any bookstore. It is published by the Falcon Press, 1451 Broadway. FRANK.

MRS. JONATHAN: Send address for communication. Goliath, c/o *Saturday Review.*

DO NONE exist who love both Blake and Byron? DOROTHY, the stenographer who gets lost in libraries, seeks such an employer. c/o *Saturday Review.*

INNOCENTI: Red and golden: They are only attributes. C.

DESIGNER-CRAFTSMEN — living near New York, finding Bread fleeting, would like Home Work. B. D. sold Textile Designs and Book Jackets. Would advise on draperies, restore paintings on old mirrors or banjo clocks to keep wolf off the porch. Address Terry, c/o *Saturday Review.*

WILL PARTY planning to put furniture in storage this winter communicate with responsible individuals who offer live storage, guaranteeing extreme care; no gin-rings, butt-burns or scratches. Why pay storage fees when we will give your furniture a good home free? Manhattan only. G., c/o *Saturday Review of Literature.*

ALICIA: I did like your letter wherefor I want more. Oliver Slant, c/o *Saturday Review.*

MY FRIENDLY CORRESPONDENTS: You wrong me! I am NOT boosting Doctor A. S. W. Rosenbach's book. I merely ask the good Doctor to prove that his "unique" copy of Faerie Queene was inscribed by Edmund Spenser to Miss Boyle. That is all. Like yourselves, I seek proof. George Frisbee.

DOES any PUBLISHER, author's agent or printer need an executive with a little capital? Woman in early thirties, nine years publishing ending as secretary of corporation, is looking for chance with young and progressive (but solvent) firm. Address Box No. 69, c/o *Saturday Review.*

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The PHŒNIX NEST

HOW about those fifty one dollar bills that arrived recently at the Executive mansion in Albany, stuck between the leaves of a copy of *Stuart Chase's* new book, "A New Deal," signifying that the donor of the book was willing to back Chase's constructive program as one for an intelligent presidential candidate to adopt? Macmillan sends us the anecdote, and we believe that, if he hasn't yet done so, *Governor Roosevelt* should at least read the volume. . . .

With its September book the Book League of America is closing as an entity and the Literary Guild is taking it over and going to fill the remaining Book League subscriptions with their own books. *Tom Stix*, President of the Book League, has been doing some mighty interesting interviewing of authors over the National Broadcasting Company chain since the first of the year, and we hope those snappy interviews are going to continue. They have been a most original feature. . . .

The death of *John Macy* came as a great shock to us. His "Spirit of American Literature" should stand as one of the livelier classics. He died before he had completed a course of lectures on "Revolution and Rebellion in Classical American Literature." Macy was a pioneer, a first-class fighting man in the ranks of criticism, and a man of great culture and great individuality. His is a severe loss to our literary world. . . .

Maurice Lavanoux, Editor of *Stained Glass*, published by the Stained Glass Association of America, sends us this tribute to the late *Frank Dempster Sherman:*

> Let me join you in tossing my cap in the air concerning the public park dedicated to the memory of Frank Dempster Sherman.
>
> I knew Mr. Sherman, not as a poet but as a professor of descriptive geometry at Columbia University, fifteen years ago. You may know how dry such subjects can be, but I assure you that to be one of Mr. Sherman's students was a pleasure indeed. I remember well how he would draw a perfect circle in colored chalk, then divide it here and there according to the nature of the problem with chalk of various colors. All this perfect and free hand. He would turn to the class and say "Pretty." And it certainly was. After the class many of us would follow him in his office and linger around waiting for an opportunity to ask questions or merely hear him explain some point for the benefit of a student.
>
> A treasured book of mine is my collection of notes taken in his classes and autographed by him.
>
> Several years after I had left the University I was told that Mr. Sherman was what you term "one of America's foremost light versifiers." Your reminder will send me to Houghton Mifflin for a copy of his poems.
>
> P.S.—I am an architect—otherwise you might wonder what an editor of a stained glass magazine ever had to do with descriptive geometry.

The Studio of London has now formed its own American house and The Studio Publications, Incorporated, is located at 381 Fourth Avenue, this city. The officers are Mr. *F. A. Mercer*, Managing Director of The Studio Limited, London, President; Mr. *W. S. Hall*, formerly Managing Editor of *William Edwin Rudge*, Publisher, Vice-President, and Miss *K. M. Frost*, Secretary and Treasurer. Mr. Hall, incidentally, is the *W. S. H.* of the occasional substitute for P. E. G. Quercus in another well-known department of this periodical. The Studio Publications, Inc., will act in an editorial as well as distributing capacity, and will welcome the submission of American editorial matter for its various publications. Now that the two houses are under one control it is possible to distribute in this country direct from Publisher to Dealer, which permits of revision in price in accordance with present tendencies. *The London Studio* (which has now reached its 105th volume) will be fifty instead of seventy-five cents per copy; *Commercial Art and Industry* thirty-five instead of fifty cents. The books will show a similar reduction. And tea is served at 4 P. M.! . . .

In *John Buchan's* centenary biography of "Sir Walter Scott," the anecdote is recounted that Sir Walter once got a publishers' advance of two thousand pounds on a poem which was not written. And they say that poetry is more greatly appreciated today than it was in the past! . . .

T. S. Eliot is now in America. He received the appointment as Charles Eliot Norton Fellow at Harvard for the coming year. His influence on the younger generation of writers, both English and American, has been incalculable. His "Selected Essays: 1917-1932" are just being brought out by Harcourt, Brace. . . .

"Lucile Clery: A Woman of Intrigue," recently published by Harper and Brothers, has caused much discussion, not only because of its reconstruction of a famous crime, but also because the author's name, *"Joseph Shearing,"* is, it seems, a nom-de-plume, and even the publishers do not know who the author really is. This is one of the few cases when the contract for the book was made with the agent without the author's name appearing. The agent says that "Joseph Shearing" is a famous writer who chose anonymity for this one book. In England the title of the book is "Forget-me-Not." As *Miss Rebecca West* says, this most exciting murder story is "also a first-rate study of character. It is a reconstruction, with altered names, of the famous murder of the *Duchesse de Praslin* by her husband in 1847, and it is built around the character of the governess who, according to the talk of the town, was the cause of the Duke's anxiety to get rid of his wife." The tragedy caused a scandal so great that it hastened the fall of *Louis Philippe* in 1848 and the rise of *Louis Napoleon*. The name of the girl who was the cause of the tragedy was *Henriette Deluzy*, who after she was discharged, came to the United States where she married an American clergyman. She is said to have been a friend of *Harriet Beecher Stowe*. . . .

Sometime ago the *Saturday Review* published a poem by *Laura E. Richards*, the famous writer for girls, entitled "Prayer of the Naturalist," beginning, "Let me be dreary, O god of the garbage-can!" Now *Mark Harris* sends in the following, which he calls a "little doggerel which might amuse you as an answer to Laura Richards's clever verse-making at the expense of Naturailsm."

PETITION FOR ROMANCE

Lord, we move you High Romance
For membership in heaven;
It is starving on our fare
Of bread, with little leaven.

Lord, we move you High Romance,
It is thirsting here;
It seeks nectar from the rose,
We want four-proof beer.

Lord, we move you High Romance,
Long unhappy here,
With a nose that's much too good,
With too keen an ear.

Lord, we move you High Romance,
Its vision is too bold;
It sees light where darkness dwells,
It sees green as gold.

Lord, we move you High Romance,
As a thing apart;
It has quatrains for a head,
Iambics for a heart.

Lord, we move you High Romance,
Happy only where,
Ever standing on its head,
All things would seem fair.

Two books we have been entertained by lately are *Major A. Corbett-Smith's* book on "Woman," published by Harrison Smith and Robert Haas—a book from a distinctly masculine point-of-view and yet written with a good deal of sympathy and understanding; and "Laughing Torso," by *Nina Hamnett*, the biography of a true Bohemian who has met most everybody abroad who signifies much in the world of art. Once we were introduced to Miss Hamnett in the Fitzroy Tavern in London. She seemed quite jolly. Some of her own drawings which serve to illustrate this volume, published by Ray Long and Richard R. Smith, Inc., are most interesting, particularly the one of *Lytton Strachey*. . . .

Story, the American Magazine of Europe, devoted only to the Short Story, published at 126 Calle del 14 Abril, Majorca, Spain, has, for the second consecutive year, had more of its stories reprinted in *Edward J. O'Brien's* "The Best Short Stories" than has any other magazine!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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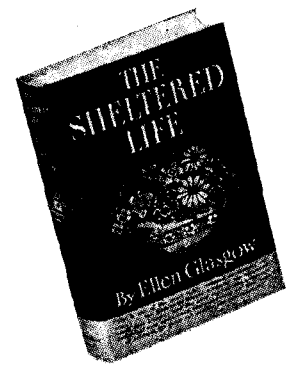

THE SHELTERED LIFE

by Ellen Glasgow

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